

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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TO THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lone trembling one!
Last of a summer race, wither'd and bare,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done.
Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves, that knit thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!
Why dost thou cling
So fondly to the rough and sapless tree?
Hath then existence nought like charms for thee,
Thou faded thing!
The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee—nor the gentle summer's rain
Now verdure bring.
The zephyr's breath,
No more will wake for thee its melody—
But the long sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.
Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.
Pale autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality,
The broken heart once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief—
Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life—and lingering loves to stay,
About the dead!
But hush!—e'en now,
I hear the gathering of the autumn blast,
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And thou art low!

Willa Gaylord Clark.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. The first part of this work has been received by W. A. Colman.

Fiona Mac Ivor, from a painting by A. Colman, is a noble effort of the pencil; the "jetty ringlets" afford a fine relief to the "eloquent features," while the eye and brow declare all the energy of the "unbending and within." The nose, mouth and throat are admirably delineated; and Mr. Robinson, as the engraver, has evinced very superior talent in the execution of this head.

Rose Bradwardine, painted by C. R. Leslie, is the subject of the second engraving. The countenance of this lovely character is beautifully innocent; she is indeed "a budding gem," and the plate happily represents that most interesting period of female life, when "they glide from girlhood into woman." With the exception of rather too great a light on the left front hair, the engraver (W. H. Mote) has produced a highly interesting plate.

The third head is that of *Mary Avenel*—painted by Paulkner, engraved by H. Cook. This is decidedly our favourite. The countenance is radiant with "most angelic beauty." We do not remember any subject that equals the splendour of this head; if *Rose Bradwardine* is "the budding," *Mary Avenel* is "of the flower itself." And the eyes!—ah! the witchery of woman's eye:

"'T would almost tempt a saint to sin,
One glance from those dear eyes to win!"

We have heard of Pygmalion since the days of Ovid, and with this face before us, we cannot doubt their existence even in these days. In the engraving Mr. Cook has exhibited a masterly talent; indeed, he has exceeded his usual ability; but—could he do otherwise with such features as these?

Myrtle Hopper—painted by Prentiss, engraved by Adcock. We are strongly inclined to think this plate, in the attitude, costume, and arrangement of the hair, a copy from a picture exhibited in London some three years back, of a certain Lady who has lately rendered herself the "observed by all observers." We cannot refer to the supposed original, and hope we are mistaken. The engraving is well executed, particularly the hair, back, and shoulders.

FINDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO BYRON'S WORKS—at the same publishers.

The sixth part contains a likeness of *Lady Mel Byron*, the mother of "John": a placid, serene countenance, by "none disturbed and disturbing none." The engraving, by Mote, from Newton's picture, is very well executed.

Melba, from a drawing by Turner. Mr. Finden has in this plate exhibited his usual judgment; the light and shade on the "market snuff" is exceedingly well managed, and his sea in this plate really is a sea.

Luchlan-Gair—drawn by Robson, engraved by Finden. This is a very beautiful plate, and possesses all the wild interest of Scottish scenery. It was in this neighbourhood that Byron passed some of his earliest, may we not say some of his happiest days? To these early associations we may trace some of his most poetical passages—the wild—the dark—the desolate.—The trees on the left are very finely executed, while the deer, the heather, and the "gloaming" unite their interest to "the Gair" pride of the "Caledonian Alps."

Calix, from a drawing by Lt. Col. Batty, very correctly engraved.

The Maid of Saragosa, engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by Stone. We have here a correct likeness of a woman whose name for courage, almost surpassing heroism, will descend into the grave only when Byron's works shall be forgotten. This plate is exceedingly well executed.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

LUDICROUS SITUATION FOR A POLITICAL CONFERENCE.—Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle frequently differed in opinion; but Pitt always carried his point in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions. It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Confians. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed with the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber, when, shivering with cold, he said: "What! have you no fire?"—"No!" replied Mr. Pitt, "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room; and the duke, being unable to endure the cold, at length said: "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt's bed, and resumed the debate. The duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined that it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the duke, making a thousand contortions; "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the Ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in preserving his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Confians, and the victory was more decisive in

favor of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.—*Dutra's Memoirs.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—He had a pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted, he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanted—but burning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy, the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river, without the materials for indulging these inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington-gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could he find save only a bank post-bill for fifty pounds; he hesitated long, but yielded at last; he twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune—watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who frankly and fully trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venture owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude. The story of course is a Mytine fable, but it aptly portrays the dominion of a singular and unaccountable passion over the mind of an enthusiast.—*New Monthly Mag.*

EVENING.

How subtly Nature mingles in the heart
The past, the future, in this lovely time!
How home and heaven together on us start!
England! 'tis now thy autumn-sky sublime
Reminds us of the parted spirit's clime,
The handlet clock strikes solemn as a knell,
The breezy sounds that from the forest swan,
The heavy harvest-team's returning bell,
The gleaner's homeward call, seem life's sad, sweet
farewell.

But thousands, tens of thousands in thy fields
Are counting every shade that dims this hour,
With frequent sunward look till day-light yields,
And each can turn him to the humble bower,
Where his own hand has planted every flower;
Time out of mind his father's quiet home;
Where waits him one, whose virtue was her dower,
Cheering her infants, as the deepening gloom,
Shed from the poplars, tells, he sure and soon will
come.

He comes, the moon has lit him home at last,
And he has thrown his harvest hook away,
And kiss'd the nut-brown babes that round him
haste,
Each with the little wonder of its day.
The lowly meal is spread, the moon-beams play
Thro' panes that bushy rose and wild-flower veil,
And soon to make them music, on her spray,
Her wonted, neighbour spray, the nightingale
Pours on the holy hour her thrilling, endless tale.

Croly's "Paradise."

ENGLISH VILLAGE CHURCHYARDS.—I know of few scenes more characteristic of the English nation than their village churchyard; its yew trees clipt into grotesque forms, or suffered to run luxuriantly wild; its well-pruned hedge, and clean gravel walks, are alike emblematic of their neatness and respectful attention to the dead.—*The Jesuit.*

PERSIAN REPARTÉE.—The tribe to which Kerrem Khan, King of Persia, belonged, speak a language which, from its rudeness, is denominated "the barbarous dialect." As this Prince was one day sitting in public, he commanded his jester to go and bring him word what a dog, that was barking very loud, wanted. The courtiers smiled at this sally of their monarch. The jester went, and, after appearing to listen for some time with profound attention, returned, and said with a grave air, "Your Majesty must

send one of the chief officers of your own family to report what that gentleman says: he speaks no language except the 'barbarous dialect,' with which they are familiar, but of which I do not understand one word." The good-humoured Monarch laughed heartily at this jest, and gave the wit a present.—*St. A. Molelet's Hist. of Persia.*

THE END OF WRITING.

Addressed to Authors.

The fair sheets of foolscap, which thus we are soiling, still cutting, and scribbling, and blotting, and spoiling! This paper, I say, had an honest beginning, Being born of good flax, and begotten by spinning; To the loom in good time, and the rag shop it past, Into leaves of fine foolscap converted at last; Now seized by the wits, it incessantly teems, Or with visions in verse, or political dreams; Till his workshop, past rous'd from his afternoon doze, With a pipe of Virginia regaleth his nose, Then twisted, and twirled, and codemned to the taper, In a puff is consumed this unfortunate paper. It is thus, my good friends, that truth setteth before ye. Of your boasted employment, the tragical story— Your choicest productions, whatever be their name, Will end at the last in the vapour of fame. That vapour, my friends, do you think it will stay?— Like his Worship's last whiff it will vanish away.

POWER OF THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER.—The destination of the celebrated Armada of Philip of Spain was not known in England until late in the season, at which time the country was totally unprepared to resist, with any hope of success, so formidable a military and naval armament. In the midst of the prevailing confusion and terror, a merchant in London communicated to the Government that he probably had it in his power to prevent the invasion for at least that year. He stated that he had been informed that Philip depended upon the Bank of Venice for money to provision his fleet; that he had an extensive credit at the bank, sufficient to draw from it all its available funds; and that by prompt measures he might succeed in effecting the object before the application was made by the King of Spain. The scheme was entirely successful. The merchant exhausted the bank, and Philip was compelled to delay the sailing of the expedition till the following year. England was then in a condition to meet it, and happily averted the blow that was intended for her destruction.—*Burnell's Hist.*

TRIALS OF GENIUS.—Every one who knew Hopper must recollect that he was one of the *genus irritabile*. A wealthy stock broker drove up to his door, and two carriages emptied into his hall in Charles st., a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *gr and m*, as well fed and as city bred and comely a family as any within the sound of Bowbell. "Well, Mr. Painter," said he, "here we are—a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us—prompt payment for discount?" "Why," replied the astonished painter, viewing the questioner, "why, sir, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and"—"Oh, that is settled," quoth the enlightened broker; "we are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life—all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing God save the King." "These things," said Hopper, in relating the circumstance to his friend Gifford, "these things are part and parcel of the delectables of portrait painting."—*Lib. of the Fine Arts.*

MADAME CATALANI.—This lady, though the most splendid vocalist of the age, was, as a musician, below mediocrity, possessing scarcely the knowledge of a third rate performer; but by a quick perception she concealed these defects from the most learned. Her origin was that of a match-girl in Rome, yet in her career she visited every court in Europe, where the most profuse presents were showered upon her. Having amassed vast treasures in money and jewels, her voice and beauty gone, she has retired to her domain and palazzo in the country that gave her birth.—*Gardner's Music of Nature.*

MATERIALS OF POETRY.—Good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul*, that is every where and in all, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.—*Coleridge.*

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A FEMALE COLLEGE IN NEW GRENADA.*

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Ye have done well, my brethren—thus to cast
The balm of healing at the fountain-head
Was wisely done;—for on the thousand streams
That murmur freshly round your hallowed towers,
Its blessing shall flow. We'll have ye sound
With philosophic eye, their inward worth
Who in the weakness of their tender looks,
And shrinking consciousness of ill, might deem
Of little import.—Yet these fragile forms,
Now trembling in their beauty and their fear,
Shall kneel with new energies: high hope,
And martyr-like endurance, and deep strength,
To toil unceasing, to suffer and to sell,
And all those delicate sympathies that spring
Up from a mother's love. These shall be there:
And what you trust to them of mental wealth,
Knowledge, or virtue, or the truth of God,
Shall blossom round the cradle of your sons
And bear rich harvest in your country's fane.

Regulus have been, which, like your extended lines
A degree's shun from their giant legs,
And rush to freedom: But the baleful truth
Of Ignorance, or Luxury, or Guilt,
Came o'er them as an opiate; and they sank,
And the waste of ages. They perceive
But look on Woman as a worthless thing,
A cloister'd gem, or briefly fading rose,
Remembering not that she had kindly power
Over the young soul, and that its fire, deep lines,
Gave'd so indelibly that all the storms
And water-floods of time erase them not,
And death may read them, when he comes to seal
The scroll of life up for the judgment bar,
Were from a mother's pencil.

Ye have judg'd
That 'mid a nation's elements, her hand
Might cast a healing balm, and her lip,
Even from the mould'ring pillow of the grave,
Reach, with its dove-like, heaven-taught eloquence,
A race unborn.—According to your faith
Be your reward; and may the glorious voice
Of Liberty, from Andes' cloud-wreathed crown,
Through every region whence your rivers bound
Their ocean tribute, go with godlike strength,
Walking new nations to Jehovah's praise.
Salem's Head, Sept. 15, 1832. L.L.S.

* It may be remembered that we mentioned a few weeks since, that the government of New Grenada has established by law a college in Bogota, for the education of Females, the first, we believe, not only in America, but in the world. The president is to be a lady; and among the branches of instruction, are several which have been uniformly and unwisely neglected in our schools, often our families: domestic economy, cookery, Christian morals and religion—with appropriate professors. The general superintendence of this institution is fortunately to be vested in that eminent patron of learning, Gen. Santander, the President of the Republic. A more appropriate subject for the fine poetical talent of our first American poetess could hardly have been selected, practically and ardently devoted as she has been to female education.—Daily Ad.

THE BOXER.

From the Diary of a Physician.

We now supply the story of the Boxer, to visit whom he was called during the violence of the thunder-storm, and directly after the melancholy seizure of Miss P. as noticed in last week's paper. For the sake of giving that sketch entire, and without the interruption of such a contrast as the present exhibits, we deferred the relation of what took place at the Boxer's. Indeed it displays human nature in such an attitude of brutishness and debasement, that, but for the very striking incident which marks its catastrophe, we should be tempted to exclude it altogether.

"The patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services, proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize fight, had been thrown from his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider, besides, much the worse for liquor, had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public house, not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, overhead. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes—there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

"But, my good woman," said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs; "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him—quite out of my way."

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God, don't say so!" gasped the poor creature, with affrighted empha-

sis—"oh, do something for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—he'll be killing us!"

"Do something?" roared my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me—"do something, indeed! I say, and be to you! Here, here—look ye, Doctor—look ye here!" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—"look here, indeed!—ah, that — horse! that — horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched with fury—"If I don't break every bone in his — body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!"

I felt, for a moment, as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking.

"Hush! hush! you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor — won't come into the room to you?" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, — me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! Here, you doctor, as you call yourself! What's to be done?" Really I was too much shocked, at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the surgical nature of the case—but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden frenzy and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what you're about! Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor —, I say—be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife, in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word—"Don't go away! Oh, go on—go on! It must be done, you know! Never mind what he says! He only a little the worse for liquor now—and then the pain! Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it tomorrow!"

"Wife! Here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So—you —! I'm drunk, am I? I'm drunk, eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk—you beast! With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs—and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow), kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching him! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the violent execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return.

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afraid of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless—"Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d— it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! Be silent! or we will both leave you instantly! Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none of your — methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your shop," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not that rebuke your blasphemies?" I enquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in

bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed, speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion, we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—remorse—agony—(or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his 'pale face turned to the wall'—and, unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and the past behaviour of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the dreadful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening!

CATALEPSY.—The writer of the Diary makes the subjoined observations respecting the affection under which Miss P. laboured. [See last Atlas.] It will probably be satisfactory to the reader to be in possession of them.

"In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to the ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head—"

"Suxifera Medusæ vultus."

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory descriptions of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term '*atoniti*,' which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper: while, in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported to be such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognises the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous unquestionable cases of catalepsy recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his '*Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities*,' relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient. As it is not likely that general readers have met with this interesting case, I shall here transcribe it. The young lady who was the subject of the disorder was seized with the fit when Dr. Jebb was announced on his first visit.

"She was employed in netting, and was passing the needle through the mesh; in which position she immediately became rigid, exhibiting, in a very pleasing form, a figure of death-like sleep, beyond the power of art to imitate, or the imagination to conceive. Her forehead was serene, her features perfectly composed. The paleness of her colour—her breathing being also scarcely perceptible at a distance—operated in rendering the similitude to marble more exact and striking. The position of the fingers, hands, and arms was altered with difficulty, but preserved every flexure they acquired. Nor were the muscles of the neck exempted from this law; her head maintaining every situation in which the hand could place it, as firmly as her limbs. Upon gently raising the eyelids, they immediately closed with a degree of spasm. The iris contracted upon the approach of a candle, as in a state of vigilance. The eyeball itself was slightly agitated with a tremulous motion, not discernable when the eyelid had descended. About half an hour after my arrival, the rigidity of her limbs and statue-like appearance being yet unaltered, she sung three plaintive songs in a tone of voice so elegantly expressive, and with such affecting modulation, as evidently pointed out how much the most powerful passion of the mind was concerned in the production of her disorder; as, indeed, her history confirmed. In a few minutes afterwards she sighed deeply, and the spasm in her limbs immediately relaxed. She complained that she could not open her eyes, her hands grew cold, a general tremor followed; but in a few seconds, recovering entirely her recollection and powers of motion, she entered into a detail of her symptoms, and the history of her complaint. After she had discoursed for some time with apparent calmness, the universal spasm suddenly returned. The features now assumed a different form, denoting a mind strongly impressed with anxiety and

apprehension. At times she uttered short and vehement exclamations, in a piercing tone of voice, expressive of the passions that agitated her mind; her hands being strongly locked in each other, and all her muscles, those subservient to speech excepted, being affected with the same rigidity as before."

But the most extraordinary—if not apocryphal—case on record, is one given by Dr. Petetin, a physician of Lyons, in which '*the senses were transferred to the pit of the stomach, &c. the ends of the fingers and toes, i. e. the patients, in a state of insensibility to all external impressions upon the proper organs of sense, were nevertheless, capable of hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting whatever was approached to the pit of the stomach, or the ends of the fingers and toes.*'

The patients are said to have answered questions proposed to the pit of the stomach—to have tasted food—and by a watch placed there,—to have tasted food—and smelt the fragrance of apricots touching the part, &c. &c. It may be interesting to add, that an eminent physician, who went to see the patient, incredulous of what he had heard, returned perfectly convinced of its truth. I have also read somewhere of a Spanish monk, who was so terrified by a sudden sight which he encountered in the Asturias mountains, that, when his holy brethren, whom he had preceded a mile or two, came up, they found him stretched upon the ground in the fearful condition of a cataleptic patient. They carried him back immediately to their monastery, and he was believed dead. He suddenly revived, however, in the midst of his funeral obsequies, to the consternation of all around him. When he had perfectly recovered the use of his faculties, he related some absurd matters which he pretended to have seen in a vision during his comatose state. The disorder in question, however, generally makes its appearance in the female sex, and seems to be in many, if not in most instances, a remote member of the family of hysterical affections."

GALVANIC INFLUENCE.—The effects of galvanism were mentioned as dreadful to behold, and too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. In a note the writer describes them as observed in an instance where he was present.

"When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hung for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrank from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly—the colour rushed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments."

A second similar case, well authenticated, occurred not long afterwards, at the same place. They are attributed by Dr. P. to the influence of animal electricity.

ZOHRAË, THE HOSTAGE.

This is the title to a new romance, of which the scenes are laid in Persia; by Mr. Morier, author of '*Hajji Baba*.' We present our readers with two specimens of the production.

SPORTING IN PERSIA.

On passing a limb of the chain of hills which takes its direction from the great cone of Demawend, the sportsmen entered upon a small plain, in the immediate entrance of which the chief huntsman had taken post with his dogs, and as the royal procession advanced he flung himself from his horse, and making the usual low inclination of the body, gave the information he had acquired concerning the game. He proposed first to pass an hour of the morning in hawking the red-legged partridge among the rocky crests of the hills; and, as the sun acquired strength, to seek the wild deer in the recesses of the mountains, where he had posted several relays of dogs, entrusted to the care of experienced peasants.

This being acceded to, the Shah immediately called for his favourite hawk, a native of the Germeser, or Hot Countries, which took a post upon the royal wrist, the eye of the animal being almost eclipsed by the superior animation of that of the man. The young prince was allowed to manage and fly a hawk: a favoured few also took possession of hawks, but none dared venture to cross the king's path, or to hazard a flight in his direction. The sport began with the greatest success; and he who, a few minutes before, was, as it were, stiffened into all the dignity and exclusiveness of majesty, was now seen throwing himself headlong into the chase with all the eagerness of a schoolboy. The hills and the plain now resounded with cries: in one place was the hawkman, with his head erect, tracing through the air the progress of his bird, which he had just slipped in pursuit of some frightened object of game: in another, was seen a sportsman, hawk on wrist, riding at the greatest speed

of his horse to where he expected a start; and again, on the pinnacle of some far-away rock, might be discerned the intelligent hawkman calling back his truant bird, by the well-known cry peculiar to him, or waving that it lasted, and when at length his huntsman in chief announced that it was time to seek for nobler sport, he retreated to another horse, which was now in waiting for him; whilst the Gholams were sent in pursuit of the stragglers, to draw them again into their respective places near the royal person.

Having advanced well into the recesses of the mountains, which reared their rude crests ever and anon into the most fantastic shapes, apparently forbidding the horseman's approach, or appalling his audacity; at length a cry was heard, loud and shrill, repeated from different stations on the rocks, "Goor klur! Goor klur!" "The ass!—the wild ass!" And, sure enough, some two or three of these beautiful and independent animals, were seen quietly feeding in the very bottom of a deep ravine, apparently unmindful of their surrounding assailants. The old Chief of the Hunt came up in breathless haste, this time regardless of all ceremony, to where the Shah was posted, to inform him of the fact, and to point whither it ought to be their object to drive the game, in order that it might fall in with the different relays of dogs which had been posted in the mountains, and without which it would be in vain to attempt to tire the almost unconquerable activity and bottom of these beasts. The Shah immediately yielded a quick and eager assent, and without loss of time rode in the prescribed direction.

With great wariness and skill, the huntsman got the wind of the game, and then, being within two or three hundred yards of them, slipped from the couples two of the swiftest and strongest greyhounds. The beasts no sooner heard the noise of the hunt, than, with head and ears erect, crest up, snorting aloud the nervousness of their activity, they bounded off a few paces—then stopped—then bounded a few more—stopped, and turned front on their pursuers, when, as if disdaining all pursuit, they allowed the dogs to approach within a few yards, and then darted off at a speed which left imagination far behind. Having gained an immense advance, as in derision of their pursuers, they stopped, and even fed; when the same slight was again repeated, and again and again terminated with success. It was now that the well-known prowess of the Persian horsemen might be remarked: no ascent, however steep, no descent, however rapid, seem to stop them, but urging their bold and sure-footed horses over every impediment, they keep way with the dogs, in a manner that no one could believe who had not seen them. Among the foremost of these rode the king himself, with eager eye, in the direction of the chase, bearing in one hand his Georgian gun, and with the other directing his horse, with a quickness and dexterity worthy of any mountain chief. Close to the royal person rode the young prince his nephew, reckless of every danger, only anxious to be foremost, and distressed that he might not precede his uncle. He also had taken his gun in hand, for as the chase had now ascended to the rocky summits, he might have a better chance of bringing down his game with it than with his spear, which could only be used in the plain. The Goors had now been chased by two relays of dogs, and still no symptoms of tire or faintness were seen; they had carried their pursuers to the very summit of the most stupendous heights, near to which only some three or four horsemen had ventured to pursue them; the rest either remained behind or were toiling up the rocks and ravines, but still the ground was so disposed that the whole scene was kept in full view by all the party. A suspension of all exertion seemed to have taken place, when a quadruped was seen to take post on the very apex of a triangular rock, which formed the summit of the highest mountain, cutting the blue sky with its form. At that moment a shot was fired—the animal still kept its post; a second after, another was discharged—and lo! down it fell from its proud height, falling prone into a yawning precipice, and bounding from rock to rock, from projection to projection, until it alighted almost at the very feet of the Shah himself. An universal shout of approbation from a thousand uplifted voices was immediately heard, which resounded in a thousand echoes through the deep recesses of the mountains.

THE SHAH AND HIS NEPHEW.

The scene, which we here annex, is consequent on the fact that in the sporting excursion, the nephew had anticipated the monarch in a shot. He was accordingly ordered before him, but no reason assigned for the command.

The day had now completely closed, and two tapers were just about being introduced, when Fatch Ali stepped in, and there discovered his uncle seated in a corner, not unlike a venomous snake coiled up within itself, ready to dart upon its unconscious prey. This face-to-face interview at first staggered him, but conscious of no offence, in all the innocence and confidence of his youth, he presented himself as if nothing of importance had occurred.

"Fatch Ali," said the Shah, in no very agreeable toned voice, "sit!" This was an unheard-of privilege; however, in obedience he sat down. "Fatch Ali," repeated the king, with a strangely solemn air, "You are young—you are heedless, 'tis true; but young and heedless as you are, you must be taught that if you once lose respect for those to whom respect is due, you may in time commit acts of the most reprehensible nature,—acts, which if not rebellious, may border on

rebellion, and leave me, your lord and master, no other alternative than that one of depriving you of the power of so doing."

"For the love of the Prophet! for the love of Ali!" exclaimed Fatch Ali, "what words are these? I am your sacrifice, my uncle! Whose dog am I, that should think of rebellion? By your sacred head, by your salt which I have so long eaten, I was carried away by the ardour of the chase in what I did to-day—had I known that you would have been displeased, I would rather have cut my finger off than pulled that ill-fated trigger; pardon—oh pardon!"

"All this is very well, Fatch Ali! but before we part, I have something of importance to communicate to you. Prepare yourself for a sight which will require all your fortitude to behold—this is no child's play—the king is in earnest. And saying this, he drew forth a small though strongly secured box, at which he looked with an expression of malignity and mystery that no pen can describe; and applying a key to the padlock with which it was closed, drew forth a parcel wrapped in a ruffian handkerchief.

Fatch Ali expected at least some gem of value, or some curiosity, precious from the manner in which it was preserved. His impatience was excited to the utmost, when wrapper succeeded wrapper, and still nothing appeared that in the least came up to his expectation. It might be a choice Koran, which on his departure his uncle might be anxious to give him, knowing how careful he was to let the world understand that he was a zealous promoter of his religion, and one of the holy prophet's most devoted sons. But no—the inside package had no appearance of anything so substantial; or it might possibly be the Jika, the ornamented jewel to wear on the head, the ensign of royalty, which now that he was about more closely to represent majesty in his new government, his uncle might be inclined to give him with his own hands,—this too did not appear to be the object of so much care. The Shah paused as he came to the last wrapper. It evidently was no gift—kindness and generosity had nothing to do with the operation—the face of the actor bespoke neither—on the contrary, it bespoke passions of the most angry nature. At length, at one effort, the Shah pulled off the last covering; but what was the youth's horror and surprise, instead of a splendid gift, to see an old handkerchief clotted with blood displayed before his eyes.

"Do you see this?" said the King, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rag, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon. "Fatch Ali, with fixed muscles and blanched cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure.

"Boy," said the King, with increased earnestness, "does not this blood speak?" Fatch Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. "Speak, boy," said the tyrant, "do you know this?"

"God forgive me," he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, "I know nothing of blood."

"Ill-fated that thou art," exclaimed the Shah, "this blood is the blood of thy father."

At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremor convulsed his frame. "My father!" he exclaimed.

"Aye, thy father," said the despot, "and my brother!"

He was amiable, like thyself, therefore I loved him; he was thoughtless and heedless like you—I suspected him; he became ambitious and rebellious; therefore I slew him. There, go! Thou knowest the worst—thou knowest me—remember this night's lesson. Such as I acted towards the father, so will I towards the son, as I treated my brother, so will I my nephew. Go; you are dismissed—ponder deeply on this—and ere to-morrow's dawn be you on your road to Shiraz."

THE PENITENT FRUIT SELLER.

In front of the gate of the Dominican convent was affixed a paper, which all were reading, or endeavoring to read. It was the publication of an indulgence of no fewer than five hundred days to all such persons as being secretly conscious of any sin, should appear the following day in the character and dress of penitents, at the execution of two robbers, which was then to take place. This was an indulgence not difficult to purchase; for with the long cloak and mask of the penitent, the penance might be as secret as the sin; and many blessings were accordingly showered upon the head of the considerate archbishop, who had by the publication of this indulgence, helped so many on their way to heaven. And in another way besides disguise, the reputation of the penitent was secured; no fewer than five hundred cloaks, masks, caps, and wands, were provided by the archbishop for the use of penitents—so indifferent an opinion did the archbishop entertain of the morality of the city of Toledo; and it was moreover made known that these were to be deposited on the previous night in the great vaults that he underneath the Alcazar, in order that such penitent sinners as resolved to take advantage of the opportunity, might avoid the calumny of issuing from their own doors dressed in the penitential garb.

"Alas!" said he whose turn it was to speak the next, "happy are those whose crimes are so venial as to have been atoned by the penitence of this day. As for my sin, I greatly fear that the five hundred days, which to others have almost opened the gates of heaven, will scarcely be felt by me as any mitigation of my penalty. This sinners, is the crime that has brought me hither: I am a vender of fruits and vegetables, which I rear in a garden of my own on the banks of the Tagus; and every morning I take my place in the Plaza Real, and lay out my fruit and vegetables. I have no reason to tell you, seniores, that every morning a friar from each of the five convents of Franciscans, and from each of the four convents of Capuchins, and from the two

convents of Augustines, walks through the market place and asks supplies for his convent, for the love of God. One gives a cabbage, another tomato, a third garbanzo, a fourth a melon, a fifth grapes; and every one picks the best for the use of the convent, knowing well the blessing that will return to the giver: but as for me, before I take my place in the market I carefully examine my fruits and vegetables—not that I may pick out the best for the convent, but that I may lay aside for the friars whatever worn eaten cabbages, or useless melons, or shrivelled grapes, I can find in my baskets. Never, during fifteen years that I have sat in the market place of Toledo, have the convents been one real the better for me; and yet no one of all the market-people that own a stall there, enjoys so high a reputation as I do. Ah! the good Pascual," says one, "he never forgets to toss a cabbage into the friar's sack." "The devout Pascual," says another, "his gift is always ready." "A true friend to the convents is Pascual," says a third. "Many's the doblon he has given away in choice melons to feed the monks." A sad case, seniores, I have run up against me; and no wonder it hangs heavy upon my mind, and that the offer of the archbishop was not thrown away upon me; and such, seniores, is the history of my penitence."

—New Gil Blas.

STOCKING WEAVING.

Of this curious and ingenious invention, we have the following notices in a work on the subject by Mr. G. Henson, a Nottingham lace-maker.

"The invention of the knitting machine, (since better known by the name of the stocking-frame, and the workmen as frame-work knitters, owed its origin, as is universally agreed, to a singular circumstance—the disappointed love of the inventor, the Rev. William Lee, curate of Calverton, in the county of Nottingham. This gentleman, it is said, paid his addresses to a young woman in his neighbourhood, to whom, from some cause, his attentions were not agreeable; or, as with more probability it has been conjectured, she affected to treat him with negligence, to ascertain her power over his affections. Whenever he paid his visits, she always took care to be busily employed in knitting, and would pay no attention to his addresses; this conduct she pursued to such a harsh extent, and for so long a period, that the lover became disgusted, and he vowed to devote his future leisure, instead of dancing attendance on a capricious woman, who treated his attention with cold neglect, in devising an invention that should effectually supersede her favourite employment of knitting. So sedulous was Mr. Lee in his new occupation, that he neglected every thing to accomplish this new object of his attentions; even his sacerdotal duties were neglected. In vain did his sweetheart endeavour to reclaim him; she found, too late, that she had carried her humour too far—all interests, all avocations, all affections, were absorbed in this new pursuit, from which he imagined he should realize an immense fortune. His curacy was despised, and at length abandoned, as beneath the notice of a person who had formed in his imagination such gigantic prospects. The old stocking-makers, particularly those in London, were fond of dilating in their cups, and in their general conversation, on the difficulties he encountered. He watched his mistress with the greatest attention while knitting, and he observed that she made the web loop by loop; but the round shape which she gave to the stocking, from the four needles, greatly embarrassed him in his notions of destroying her trade, by making a whole series of course at once, having as many needles as loops; it seemed impossible to construct a machine to make a round web. Pondering in his mind the difficulties of his task, on one of his visits he found her knitting the heel of a stocking, and using only two needles; one was employed in holding the loops, whilst the other was engaged in forming a new series; the thought struck him instantly, that he could make a flat web, and then, by joining the selvages with the needle, make it round. From that moment his whole soul was devoted to the object, which presented difficulties in that age that nothing but a species of enthusiasm could have overcome."

His further progress is detailed at length, and the writer adds:

"The time which Mr. Lee had chosen to make an application to the government, though to his sanguine mind very propitious for remuneration, was in reality the reverse: the treasury of Elizabeth was extremely low, owing to the enormous expenses which she had incurred in preparations to meet the Spanish armada in the preceding year. Already had the parliament begun to express their decided umbrage at the grant of the privileges of patents for monopolies; which, as they were then conducted, were justly considered national evils, and the most odious means of rewarding court favourites, by an excessively tyrannical mode of private taxation. Nearly all the nobles enjoyed a patent for the most useful and general articles of consumption, such as iron, lead, saltpetre, salt, oil, glasses, &c. &c., to the amount of more than one hundred articles, which were sold, imported, or exported, by virtue of letters patent. These patent rights were sold to persons who farmed the profits, and thus demanded what prices they thought prudent for their commodities. When the general list was read over in the house of Commons in 1601, a member, indignant at the extortions, exclaimed, 'Is not bread amongst the number?' 'Bread?' cried the house, with astonishment. 'Yes, I assure you,' he sarcastically replied, 'if we go on at this rate, we shall have a monopoly of bread before next parliament.' Another cause operated very powerfully against Mr.

Lee's claim—the nation had smarted most dreadfully under the misfortune of an unemployed population, and the invention, it was supposed, had a tendency to increase the evil, by driving so large a body as the knitters out of employment. Though supported by the powerful intercession of Lord Hunadon, and his son Sir William Cary, equally a favourite with Elizabeth, she refused to make either a grant of money, or secure him a monopoly or patent. Her answer is said to have been to the following purport:—"My Lord, I have too much love for my poor people, who obtain their bread by the employment of knitting, to give my money to forward an invention which will tend to their ruin, by depriving them of employment, and thus make them beggars. Had Mr. Lee made a machine that would have made silk stockings, I should I think have been somewhat justified in granting him a patent for that monopoly, which would have effected only a small number of my subjects; but to enjoy the exclusive privilege of making stockings for the whole of my subjects, is too important to grant to any individual. Hopes were thus held out to this extraordinary man, that if he would make silk stockings he might then have hopes of a remuneration by a monopoly; and he had the mortification to feel, what has been so often felt by his successors, that because he had not accomplished every thing, he had done nothing."

Disappointed at home, he was invited by the Duc de Sully to Paris, where he established his frames; but the assassination of Henry the Great annihilated all his prospects.

His fortitude forsook him, and he gave way to the melancholy which had attacked him in London; he thought himself the most unfortunate of men; alone, unprotected in a foreign country, after twenty-two years' struggles—he sickened at the thought, and sent for his brother James from Rouen; but before he arrived, the inventor of the stocking-frame died of a broken heart, in the midst of strangers. This happened in the year 1610."

His brother returned and established the system in London and Nottingham. It is out of our power to follow the details of the charter obtained, and of the various laws and regulations which attended the progress of this branch of manufacture; of the disputes which arose; the projects entered into, the lawsuits, and the decisions. For all these matters, and for an account of the various articles made and how made, we must refer to the work itself, which shows not only the deep interest taken in his business by the artisan to whom we are indebted for it, but is a good sample of the understanding and intelligence of the class to which he belongs.

ANALYSIS OF SOLAR LIGHT.

Dr. Brewster, to whom the science of optics has been so much indebted, lately published further experiments to prove the inability of the prism to analyse light, and the division of the spectrum into three spectra of different colours, red, yellow and blue. The results of this investigation are stated in the following propositions:—

1. White light consists of three simple colours, red, yellow, and blue, by the mixture of which all other colours are formed.
2. The solar spectrum, whether formed by prisms of transparent bodies, or by grooves in metallic and transparent surfaces, consists of three spectra of equal lengths, beginning and terminating at the same points, viz. a red spectrum, a yellow spectrum, and a blue spectrum.
3. All the colours in the solar spectrum are compound colours, each of them consisting of red, yellow, and blue light, in different proportions.
4. A certain quantity of white light, incapable of being decomposed by the prism, in consequence of all its component rays having the same refrangibility, exists at every point of the spectrum, and may at some points be exhibited in an insulated state.

Phrenologists had accounted for the insensibility of certain eyes to particular colours, by a supposed want of, or disease in, the organ of colour; but Dr. B. says, that in case of eyes blind to red light, blue and yellow are the only colours recognized, and they are, abstracting the red, the two remaining colours of the spectrum. To such eyes light is always seen in the red space; but this arises from the eye being sensible to the yellow and blue rays which are mixed with the red light. Hence blue light will be seen in the place of the violet, and a greenish yellow will appear in the orange and red spaces; or, which is the same thing, the spectrum will consist only of the yellow and blue spectra.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour: so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1882.

We are in possession of a few letters written by a traveller last autumn to a friend in this city, descriptive of some portion of the States of New York and Ohio; the distances, modes of travelling, &c.; and although not so full as we could wish, yet as they may prove interesting and serviceable to some of our readers, we shall give them a place occasionally in our columns. Confident as we are that general information as to the resources of our country, and descriptions of its beautiful scenery, would be read with avidity, we solicit those who possess the information, and have the time and talent, to give it to the public through the medium of our Journal.

LETTER I.
Buffalo, N.Y. 4th Nov. 1881.

MY DEAR A.—I do not flatter myself that I shall add much to your stock of information by my disjointed epistles, written on the wing, but if they serve to beguile a tedious hour, or afford useful memoranda for any of our travelling friends who may be inclined to pursue the same route, my purpose will have been answered. It was a tolerably pleasant October day when I left New York in one of those splendid Steam vessels which are not surpassed for speed or elegance by any in the world. The Highlands had lost none of their wonted grandeur, nor the Kaatskill stooped from its lofty towering. The scene was sufficiently various and romantic, but to an eye that had many times before viewed all their beauties—although I shall be deemed devoid of taste in saying so—the most satisfactory sight was the lights in Albany, at which city we arrived—a distance of 150 miles—in 10 hours and 40 minutes from the time of leaving the foot of Central street. Before the ruins of Fulton was abroad on the waters, the same trip occupied sometimes a week—tacking to and fro, in a small sleep, on this narrow seat, and eight years since I was 24 hours, at that period a fair passage, in a Steam-boat.

Albany is still on the increase, and should a Railroad be constructed from Buffalo or Utica to meet the Mohawk—of which I do not entertain a doubt—her prospect of a still greater increase will be much augmented. We were steamed over to Schenectady in about 45 minutes, the Engine with several cars—mostly fitted Post coaches—moving as easily as if this mode of travelling had been an invention of a century old. The rich country and beautiful villages which the traveller passes through on his route to this place have been too frequently described to require repetition. Each year adds to the beauty of the one and the growth of the others. By Stage from Albany this village may be reached in 45 to 52 hours, 206 miles. By Canal Packet from Schenectady in 85 hours.

Buffalo, whose population in 1820 was 2,025, is now 63,221, and still on the increase; the buildings erecting are of a more permanent nature than those heretofore put up, and many of them would be an ornament to any Atlantic city. Business is good, and indeed the voice of complaint and the old phrase of "hard times" is no longer heard in the State of New York. Rail-roads are the hobby of the day—one to Albany, another to Lewiston, and a third to Cleveland in Ohio, are all in agitation, and probably in a few years all will be constructed. As neither of us are partisan politicians, an allusion to politics might be altogether omitted, but as I have had considerable means of hearing opinions on political subjects, I have no hesitation in believing that the Anti-masons are rapidly gaining strength in this State, and are less proscriptive in their course than formerly. Two years hence, unless they make some unfortunate movement, there is but little doubt that they will be a majority in the State.

Your friend, E.

CONTINGENCIES.

When Yates, the comedian, was merging from his minority as an actor, it happened that his route to join a provincial company led him to the city of Oxford. With that economy which none understand more thoroughly than the votaries of Theopis, he dispatched his portmanteau by the waggon, and commenced his journey on foot. On his arrival at Oxford, towards evening, elated with the idea of seeing many of his old school-fellows, he entered the first inn he came to, and desired to be shewn to a room. The waiter seemed to eye him with due estimation; there might be a respectability about him amounting to negus, but then his shoes, dusty from walking, might have reduced that respectability a shade in the waiter's opinion. "A room, Sir," said the waiter; "yes, Sir, this way, Sir, the coffee room!" "No," said our comedian, "a private room to myself!"—Perhaps the waiter thought him presumptuous—however, he led him through a long, narrow, dark passage, into a large old-fashioned apartment, that would have inspired an antiquarian or a romance writer with the highest veneration.

Having placed the candle on the table, the waiter shuffled about the room, pretending to dust some antiquated glass that stood on an antique side-board at the further end of the apartment; and when finished, there he stood like a true Oxonian waiting for orders. Yates suffered him to leave the room and get half way the length of the passage, when he rang the bell; the waiter returned to the room in an instant. "I believe you rang, Sir?" said Naykin. "Yes," said Yates, "bring me a pint of wine!" "Directly, Sir, port!" No, sherry, was the answer. When he returned with the wine, our comedian desired to have another candle. "Another candle, Sir," said the waiter, "a pint of wine and a candle, Sir; rule of the house, Sir, master rather particular, a pint of wine and one candle, Sir!" "Oh, very well," said Yates, "then bring another pint and another candle; and waiter, bring pen, ink and paper." The wine, the additional candle, and writing materials having appeared, Yates sat down and wrote to a number of his personal friends, requesting their attendance. When the first arrived, Yates desired the waiter to bring wine. His order was attended to, but without the additional candle. "Hallo, waiter!" said the comedian, "here's a mistake! how is this? you have forgotten—you know it is a pint of wine and a candle—a candle and a pint of wine!" The candle was accordingly brought, and the same order for wine and its accompaniment was given on the entrance of every collegiate friend; so that when our hero had an opportunity of summing up his guests, he found he had twenty-seven friends, twenty-seven pints of wine, and twenty-seven candles. For the three or four last arrivals, however, the candle-sticks began to degenerate from silver plate down to humble tin, and with the twenty-eighth announcement came "none host," bearing a chamber candlestick; he apologised for the waiter's impertinence, said it was entirely a mistake, and that our comedian had now in requisition every candlestick and pint decanter he had otherwise unemployed in the house; and begged that for the credit of his inn, that if Yates should require more wine, he would have the goodness to drop the contingencies.

VERY FIRST OF SOCIETY.—Among the London Police Reports is found the following humorous examination of two ladies:

Mrs. Molly Hill, an elderly lady, weighing about 20 stone, brought Mrs. Betsey and Miss Betsey Grace before Mr. T. Dyer, for having, with malice aforethought, inflicted a pinch on her left arm, and a scratch on one of her ample cheeks.

From Mrs. Hill's version of the story, it appears that Mrs. Betsey Grace had flung a pail of water over her little boy Bobby, and upon her going to demand an explanation of this proceeding, Miss Betsey "kicked up a combustion," which eventually ended in one of them perpetrating the pinch, and the other the scratch. To prove the truth of her statement she declared that she had brought a "whole volume of witnesses who were waiting outside."

Mrs. Betsey Grace, in explanation of the affair of the pail of water, declared, that as she was "slushing" her door, the child "jumped quite promiscuous through it (the slushing). Whereupon," continued Mrs. Grace, "Mrs. Hill, who was attested in licker, came a flying hover to my house like a 'roaring lion,' and knocked successfully at my door in the most violent manner. I went out, and says to her, says I, do, my good woman, hear reason, as I wanted to talk to her in the most sensible manner; but no, your worship, she calls me hevery thing but a lady, and aboosers my darter, who come to hear the 'sermption,' with every thing vot she could lay her tongue to."

Mr. Dyer, understanding they all lived in Southampton-court, inquired why they could not live peaceably together?

Why, your worship, said Mrs. Grace, I'll tell you vot it is, my husband and hern moves in werry different circles, for now we've left off taking in vashing, we keeps the werry first of society; me and my family are particalar intimate with Mr. Smith, the gentleman vot is the great muffin-maker, and my darter visits the family of the Jones's, as keeps a large wholesale greengrocer's at the corner of our court, on terms of *chaf footen*. So as we ranks ourselves above low people, we doesn't associate with Mrs. Hill and her family, no hows!

Mr. Dyer recommended the parties to retire and settle—but Mrs. Hill, who felt the indignity offered to the gentility of her family more than the assault, proposed such unreasonable terms, as the price of conciliation, that they were all compelled to apply to the magistrate again, who at once dismissed the warrant.

SKETCHES FROM VENETIAN HISTORY.—J. & J. Harper.—Every thing connected with Venice—from the time when necessity compelled a settlement on a cluster of small islands on the coast of the Adriatic, thro' her long career of wealth and glory, to the day when the republic was prostrated by the great Captain of France, and finally set off as a share of the spoils to

Austria—savours more of romance than reality. In the work before us, which forms Nos. 43 and 44 of *Harper's Family Library*, we distinctly trace the rise, progress and decline of the once mighty republic, and are furnished at the same time with a full and glowing narrative of events which to the lovers of romance will richly compensate them for its perusal. The style of the writer is pleasing, and though as a history the work is necessarily condensed, yet it affords much valuable information, which could only have been obtained by great research. Several fine engravings and maps increase the value and interest of this work.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—We have received the specimen number of this excellent work, which contains the first part of Rosenthal's "Waldstein." It is beautifully printed, and the form admits what all "back-worms" love—a handsome margin,—while the whole of the text is given without mutilation, the type only being condensed into the smallest space possible. We understand there are some rich literary treats in store; and are pleased to learn that Mr. Waldie, if supported, will carry on the work in regular continuation, so as to present his readers with a sufficiency of interesting matter to form two or more volumes yearly.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—Master Burke took a benefit on Thursday evening. Miss Clara Fisher and himself have been the attractions of the Theatre for the last fortnight, and have drawn good houses.

Battery.—Miss Vincent played Julia in the Hunchback, and Mr. Hamilton Sir Thos. Clifford, to a good house: the performance of Miss Vincent is spoken well of.

Italian Opera.—The manager has been more fortunate in his new Prima Donna than in those who preceded her. Elisa Claudio also appears to be a more popular piece. The following communication to the N.Y. Standard recommends itself to our notice for a concise and apparently impartial notice of the performance:—

The manager last evening brought out "Elisa Claudio" by Mercadante. The opera is good, though evidently of the Rossini school, and consequently suffers, as all other imitations degenerate in the eyes of the public. A brilliant house honored the first representation. The grand attraction was Paoletti. We do not say Signora Paoletti any more than we would Signora Meliani or Signora Pasta. We are little disposed to say that so much talent should not have been rewarded by greater reputation; and it would be remarkable if New York should give to this most accomplished artist the same measure of fame that Malbran has secured. The voice of Paoletti is a fine, full, round, and brilliant soprano, not approaching so much the mezzo as Malbran's, but in every respect as perfect. Her execution is true, however rapid the passages may be, and your ears are not offended by false notes. The attempts at nothing—very thing is finished, and it is done with perfect ease, and without exertion. Her scale resembles Madame Ferrand's, yet it possesses more purity, and equals it in compass and brilliancy. It is difficult to say in what Malbran differs from her—Gaye has been educated in the same school. Nothing can exceed her acting; there is more true conception than is to be found in any actress we have ever seen. We are not enchanted, yet we must confess that we have not recovered from our surprise, as unexpected as it was astounding. The declining applause which followed the fall of the curtain, must have testified to Signor Chatterbox that he last night made a decided hit. Does he not now see that New York can applaud? and he may be assured that while he appears before a very indulgent public, he will also feel that substantial results will flow from the employment of talent. Pasta introduced a cavatina of Paoletti in this opera, "Lungi dal core ben," which we were sorry to see omitted. It is well adapted to Paoletti's powers. A most beautiful scene, "Chi sa mai," was passed over. We do not know if the powers of Signor Marzoli are adequate to its execution, but it would shine in the hands of the Prima Donna.

We have only room to say, never have the lovers of musical science had a more delicious treat than the first night of Elisa Claudio afforded, and we shall be much disappointed if it be not increased by every exhibition.

Oct. 19.

MURRAY.

GLEANINGS.

Poor Notten.—The family expenses of the King of England, including travelling charges, &c. amount to the trifling sum of two and a half million of dollars per annum, an aggregate equivalent to the salary of the President of the United States for a period of one hundred years!

London Mail.—Sir Walter Scott says, in his notes to Redgauntlet, "that within his recollection, the London mail was brought north in a small mail cart; and ten are yet alive, who recollect when it came down with only one single letter to Edinburgh, addressed to the Manager of the British Linen Company."

Literary Exchange.—It is now arranged that the English government shall send, for the use of the French people, to be deposited in the royal library at Paris, one copy of all works printed in Great Britain, for which the French government will, in return, send to the British museum, for the benefit of the English nation, one copy of every work printed in France.

And it is further understood, that this intellectual interchange shall not be interrupted by the vicissitudes of war, but shall continue in spite of any political disagreement.

Book variety.—At the Leipsic Book Fair, held immediately after Easter, 358 publishers sent in their lists of new works, which amounted in all to 2509, including 193 novels, 85 maps and atlases, 42 pieces of music, 18 plays, 3 games; as well as 288 new editions, 28 parts of works, and 19 piracies, and duplicate editions of the same work. Among other things there were 22 sermons on the cholera.

An Irish Witness.—A magistrate examining an Irishman concerning an affray which took place on board a vessel, asked him what countryman he was. "An Irishman, to be sure, Sir," was the reply. "Have you ever seen the sea?" "Have I ever seen the sea, did you say? Faith! does your worship suppose I was trawled all the way over the salt ocean in a wheelbarrow?"

The first Oath.—My lads, said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take the command of a ship, there is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed it is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor? Aye, aye, cried all hands, let's know what it is, Sir. Well, my lads, said the captain, it is this; that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favor? The men stared, and stood for a moment, quite at a loss what to say. They were taken, says one, "all aback." They were brought up, says another, "all standing." The captain reiterated, now, my fine fellows, what do you say; and I tolerate the privilege of swearing the first oath on board? The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company answered, "aye, aye, Sir," with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good—swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

A Seed Farmer.—An honest son of Erin, who had saved money enough by his industry to purchase a small farm, undertook to manage it himself. He accordingly bought his seeds at a seed store, and planted them all done up in papers—just as they came from the store. A bystander who observed him, began to laugh at him, and told him he was doing wrong. "Ah, let me alone for that," said Pat, "I am making a seed garden; did ye never see seeds grow all papered and labelled, just as they sell them in the shop? Out upon ye!"

Tragedy for sale.—By Edward F. Hall.
(Office, Nos. 88 & 90 Water street.)
Dry Goods.

To-morrow at 3 o'clock, at office,
Will be presented Sheridan's Tragedy, called
A prime assortment of foreign and domestic Dry Goods, consisting of broadcloths, cassimeres, &c.
Boston Atlas.

A Spell.—A young female entered a complaint against an old woman for "putting a spell upon her," so that she could not venture to take up any thing in the crockery line without letting it fall and smashing it to pieces. She said that the old woman was a "witch," and had put a spell not only on her, but on a man who was now bedridden, and would continue so till the spell was taken off.—The defendant said, that the charge was made out of spite by the complainant, who was always quarrelling with her neighbours.—Complainant: She rattles marbles in a tea-pot at my door in the middle of the night, and fetches up rats alive out of the cellar by the tails, and lets them loose upon me; and moreover, she is a killer of cats.—The Magistrate said, that he should listen to no more of their nonsense. If the complainant and defendant had been alive 150 years ago, one would have been ducked for a scold, and the other would have been burned for a witch!

The Egyptian Sphinxes.—In a brief notice in the Athenaeum, it was mentioned that these Sphinxes, just arrived at Cronstadt, had been presented by the pacha of Egypt to the Russian autocrat. We have now good authority for correcting this statement. The Sphinxes were, it appears, purchased by M. Rossetti, of Alexandria, agent for the emperor of Russia, for a sum equivalent to nearly 55,000 francs, from a Mr. Jarré, a Greek, to whom the pacha has liberally conceded permission to explore for remains of antiquity.

Rhode Island Schools.—The whole number of Public Schools in the State of Rhode Island is 323—an average of 10 schools to each town. The whole number of scholars taught in these public schools is 17,034—an average of 53 scholars to each. The average time these schools are continued in each year is three

months. They are supported without imposing any state tax upon the people.

Dedicated to an Empty Bottle.

I lov'd thee once because you had charms,
But now those charms are fled;
My stomach beats no more alarms,
Why? because thou art emptied.

A Watch-Maker's Sign.—Here are fabricated and renovated trochileate machines, portable and permanent, whose circumscriptions are performed by internal spiral elastic or external plumbages; invested with aurum and argent ingredients.

A DANDY'S WHAT?

A dandy's what? a dicky and a quizz,
A pair of goggles and a negro's friz;
A scanty coat with a tremendous collar,
A greasy pocket and a half a dollar;
A plated bosom studded thick with glass,
A forehead plated with a coat of brass;
A scarlet nose, a long nose and a squirt,
A flashy vest and maybe half a skirt;
A pompous tone, a reverential bow,
A snow white hand, a straddle like a cow;
A squeaking voice, a tea cup full of paint,
A collared eye, and visage of a saint;
A pair of whiskers stolen from a goat,
A pewter watch and seal scarce worth a groat;
A pocket comb, a pair of random hose,
A pair of seal-skin slippers black as shoes;
A peaked hat with secretly any brim,
A spindle shank and body wondrous slim;
A pair of cheek tightens tighter than his skin,
A fawn-brown and watch chain made of tin;
A shiny umbrella and a little switch,
A monkey followed by a pointer bitch;
A servile ape, a pretty woman's fool,
A stupid dance, a despicable fool.

A. E. Farmer.

MUSIC MAD.

Clem and Sambo meeting.

Sam.—Well how are ye Clem? how do de fluxy ob yer lutelect seem to sissamunify dis day—how do de lutelect seem to corporate wid yer functions?

Clem.—Well, mighty tollable, but de great suffusions ob de weather had a flected my bones agin, and now I suffer under de rheumatism right smart—but I had a good laugh just now, I picked up de newspaper and I observed dat de Englishman named Anderson, were gwine to write a book bout de Merricks, kays dey would 'at low him for sing yer.

Sam.—Pshaw! don't mention de seamp to me, I protest dere nation—when I think ob dem de blood rousin' ober me, as cold as Mount Etna, dat mountain you know at Hungary, whate always silvered wid snow! I would as leave put a raceoon or a possum in my bosom, as to commit one ob dat people to brush de mud off my shoes! I remember dat Basum Hall, dough he writes so forceful, dis place, he tried to get de office ob *Dogcatcher*! and kays we wouldn't trust him, he comes out wid his book ob lies, but people say dat he got his desert, for he was carried away in de night from New Orleans, and nobody don't know what has come ob him, all dey know is dat de man he slept in, smell for two or free days arter ob him! and as to dat Anderson I hear dat dey would not take him home in de ship, but towed him behind in one ob de boats, and de werry scarks turned up dere noses at him—but nuff ob dat, hab you nuffin new to municate?

Clem.—Well not much—I hear dat some person hab come across Basum Hall's letters what he left behind him when he went off in de night, and had published some ob dem.

Sam.—I don't kyer nuffin 'bout it! I hab matters ob more deeper consideration to siderate upon, dey say dat Blackin' hab advanced in price most monstrously! 'all owing to dat conform bill in England—I read de papers rightly and I didn't mind how oblerk business was inflated, so it did not make no intermentation wid mine, but it seems dat it will, I wishes dat all Inglishmen had but one neck, and I had my foot on it—what you laughin' at Clem?

Clem.—Why I laff to tink what a burnin' large neck it would inquire, less you foot would lap ober each side ob it!

Sam.—Take kyer honey, don't attempt my naga, you don't know de risibiltude ob my termpu, I would scrush any oder nigger but you under dat foot for such a sinivation as dat—Clem I nebba give no nadder don't take no innendences nehow!

Clem.—Well Sambo I knowedges my crime—I nebba will suffer de word ob my mouf, to gib fence to an old friend—gib us yer hand—bury all dese unruly syllabubs in inmosty and oblium foreb'd! let's walk round to de new Exchange; dough talkin ob dat, is ob de locomotive genus ob man, risen to great relusion—I memba some years ago when I first studied de wood surin profession, I war awkward enough, but row I kin sawr one tech ahead ob long Jake, and he is called de regularst man on de bridge, or in dis town—why bless your heart Sambo when he cotch de sawr and broke down ober a gum log, he made de chunks drop like hot potatoes, and den de music ob de sawr, gwine fro de log, dat was de ting! der want no deception in dat; dat was de clar arit! you see de nigger now-a-days, tries to imitate it, but dey jist comes neer to it, as I does to de great Alphonse, de goddess ob war, I says it, what should't but dat nigger and myself

war de only ones dat kin do it, and now he's dead I am his only rival! A rule good sawr in good hands is betta music dan any ob dem outlandish obertues dey plays at de *Fentur*. I could play on music any toon what you could like to hear, from *Marsains Hyme* to dat march imposed by *Whistlin Bob*—Does yer darter Cuffelina make much pergression on de pino forty?

Sam.—Why yes,—she has imposed a new song, I hab a copy ob it yer—jist low me for to read it:

Air—Thine am I, my faithful fair.

Turn away, turn away dem lubly lips,
So rich wid balmy treacher—
Dey mind me ob de Comets' eclipse,
Oh turn, less I die wid pleaser!
To listen to dy charmin' voice,
Would ease a dyng man's anguish
Oh do turn away dem lubly eyes,
Dey look so full ob languish!

Turn away, turn away dy ibory teef
And dy lubly charcoal eyes;
Lest dey conka me, and like a teef—
Steal my heart wid surprise.
Oh raise aloud dy angelic voice,
Richer dan Wulcan's treacher,
And let my heart and soul rejoice,
And I'll die at once wid pleaser.

Oh Phillissina let you heart relent,
On Monto who lubs you dearly;
My life for you shall all be spent,
Now by gum, I'm yours sincerely!
Basum Hall tells us ob a lubly isle,
Whar sorry leas you straight—
Den fly wid me, on eagle wings—
Less my heart won't gaitate.

Sam.—What you tink ob dat for de first attempt! I tell you what dar music in dat gal, I tends for hab it sot to music at once—may be you don't know, whate dat Island is dat de song tells ob—you see Basum Hall when he went to de Norf Pole, got mighty big wid de Debid and Lurid and Wulcan and all dat family, and day showed him every place dat dey cunad, and dis Island, mong de rest, and when he war in dis place, he visited at our house one night and he giv my old woman and my darter, a scripshon ob it—but it gise late, come round to our house to-night and Cuffelina will tell you, herself 'at bout it—Good day Clem, give my particular indevass to all requirin' friends.—*Pioneer.*

S. A. W.

HAPPY MISTAKE.—Some short time since, in Paris, a thief, on his moonlight rambles, determined upon making a very elegant mansion in the Rue des Victoires the scene of his depredations. He had gained the balcony of the first floor, and opening the window, was cautiously entering the room, when he was suddenly arrested in his progress by a gentleman, who, rushing from behind a curtain, presented a pistol at his head. "Your life," he exclaimed, "is at my mercy, but I will take a more noble revenge for my injured honor. I will permit you to leave this house without further molestation, but upon one condition—I expect you will meet me, as a man of honor to-morrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne." The astonished thief, who by this time perceived that he was mistaken for some Don Juan, promised compliance and made an honorable retreat.—*Court Mag.*

PLAIN ACCIDENT.—*Counsel.*—Well, but Mr. O'Shocknessy, you will oblige us by giving a decided answer—did you knock the man down or not?

Mr. O.—Trot your honor, I'd be above acknowledging to that any day; but you see he called me a bee-trotter—so my fist making a stumble, runs up his eye brow and he fell—so it's easily seen, your honor, it was only a plain accident.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

From the new Gil Blas.

"Thy name, I think, is Fernando," said one of the friars to me one day, leading me into the cloisters, as I was passing out from dinner. "Fernando is my name, said I, 'and my name is all my inheritance.' 'Thou art poor, no doubt,' rejoined he; 'but I design that thou shalt soon be richer, if thou wilt consent to obey my instructions that are to produce so agreeable a result;' and the friar then explained to me how that the finances of the convent were miserably low—that a new organ for the chapel and many ornaments for the major altar were wanted; and that on the occasion of the approaching festival, when it was always the custom for the devout to lay some little offering upon the altar of the saint, it was intended to warn devotion by some striking display of the saint's gratitude: and finally, I was made to understand that if I would consent to personate the saint, by wearing his garments and crown—to hold a silver salver in my hand to receive the offerings, and to bow my head whenever the donation exceeded a duro—I should be rewarded with a thousand reals; but upon condition that I should immediately afterwards quit Valencia, and reside in some other town. * * * Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the festival, I was received by the superior, whom I found to be the same individual who had formerly spoken with me, and who, with two or three others, was alone in the secret of the pious fraud in which I was to be an actor. 'By this,' said he, 'we confirm the wavering, and strengthen the faith of the true Catholic;—and thus the end justifies the means.' The habiliments of the saint were ample; and the image having been removed, I easily

slipped into its place, divesting myself only of my cloak, and found room enough within the foldings of the cloth of gold that covered my tarnished dress: the crown was placed upon my head, a well contrived mask upon my face, and a massive silver salver in my hand, which, somehow or other, seemed to grow to my fingers. Thus prepared, the chapel railing was thrown open, and the matin-bell began to chime. And now the devout Valencians poured in, and crowded into the chapel, where I stood beneath a silver gilded canopy. The wants of the convent had been industriously circulated by the friars: nor had less pains been taken to encourage a belief that some visible manifestation of the saint's good will and gratitude might be expected. The first that entered were some beggars with little more than their tattered brown cloaks to cover them, and a few quartos dropped upon the salver; large offerings succeeded—pesetas, half and whole duros; but no sign of gratitude or good will escaped from the saint. At length a gold piece rung upon the salver, and forthwith the saint bent his head. The miracle was seen by all: a thousand thumbs had in an instant performed the sign of the cross; a thousand knees were bent; a loud and earnest hum of prayer rose from a thousand kneelers; at the same instant the organ pealed forth its loud anthem, and 'Glory to God, glory in the highest,' was the universal song of praise. But the miracle operated in a more substantial form: the prediction [!] of an influential saint was well worth the sacrifice of a few duros—gold poured into the salver; and to such an extent, that not only was the saint's neck weary of acknowledgement, and his arm of the weight with which devotion burdened it—but a new miracle became necessary: the salver was too small to contain its offerings, and the gold was beginning to slide off the heap: the saint, therefore, withdrawing the vessel of his under-garments, and again extended the vessel to the awe-struck devotees. The throng that had poured into the chapel at length began to lessen; and mass having begun at the major altar, all hastened to place themselves before it; so that the chapel of the miraculous image was left for a time without a worshipper. Now, thought I, is the moment: slipping my arms out of the wide sleeves of the saint, I disentangled myself from the cumbersome garments, which were stiff enough to stand erect without the help either of an image or its representative; the mask I left propped in its place, and the salver also I would have left in the hand of the saint, had this been possible; but I was compelled to dispose of it otherwise—it followed its contents within my girdle; and having stealthily descended from the canopy, I threw my old cloak, which I had laid behind it, over my shoulders, and drawing my hat over my brows, I walked leisurely out of the chapel and through the church, and soon found myself in the Calle de Albornoz, and crossing the bridge of the Holy Trinity. What took place in the convent when mass was ended, at what time the discovery was made, or what steps were taken to trace the flight of the mock saint, I have no means of ascertaining, and never stopped to inquire; but satisfied that I had practised a less fraud upon the friars than they had practised upon the people, I continued my walk at an unusual pace, that I might avoid suspicion, along the avenue that leads to the port—engaged, like others, in leisurely cutting up a melon, and eating it by the way."

ORIENTAL SMOKING.

In India a hookah, in Persia a nagally, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschaum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the accident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys intimates the reverse. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coasts of Syria.

What did they do in the east before they smoked? From the many-robed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date-wood, there is, from Stambul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: slaves in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many coloured sherbets, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and burning coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in frames of silver filigree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. "The honour of the pipe!" proves the consideration awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half-filled cup of coffee, rise, and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of his chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich

and spotless as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavour of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose-water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jessamine tube of Damascus or Aleppo, covered with fawn-coloured silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the markets of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateau Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighbouring range of hills, similar at though stronger in flavour, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver sheesha borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was a picture for Stephane. The Chibouque of the Viceroy never took less than five minutes in filling the Viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beirut, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it burns, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light yellow colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest Kamaster has a poor, flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is infused, instead of the genuine weed. The nagally is also used with the serpent, but the tube is of glass. In all three you inhale through rose-water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He should possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with each pipeful, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange-flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction to himself.—*New Monthly.*

EATING OYSTERS.

Oysters, quoth Patrick, are a dear delight,
As he and Sammy finished their tenth shingle;
For they don't satisfy the appetite—
The more I eat, I still desire the more.

Truth, replied Sammy, they're a deary food,
They do not clear the stomach or member;
For my own part, I really think I could
At any time on any given number.

Charles the Tenth.—This aged and unfortunate Prince, we are told, is about to be driven from his asylum among us, at the instigation of the present King of the French. We can scarcely believe this possible. If the Citizen King should be so illiberal, we trust our own government will not so far violate the rites of hospitality as to deny to the aged monarch and his "grey diadem'd head" a refuge from the turmoil of the Continent. The pretext, it seems, on which this is demanded, is, that members of his household have intrigued in France against the present dynasty. But what of that? Is Louis Philippe so insecure on his throne that the loyalty of a few poor exiles at Holyrood can make his seat uneasy?—Many of his recent acts have been as unconstitutional as those which lost Charles his crown, and it was only success that made the difference. We hear it rumoured that our peaceful and unobtrusive neighbour and his suite are deeply distressed by the intimation that they are now unwelcome visitors. It is said they are to retire to Germany. We do not like this unkind intelligence.—*Edinb. New North Briton, Sept. 28th.*

Irish Snakes!—A gentleman called at our office last Friday, with a female snake, three feet three inches in length, which was killed the day before in a field at Milecross, near Newtonards, by two boys, sons of Mr. Bradshaw. It is of the species known to naturalists as the common English snake, and is, we believe, perfectly innocuous. These snakes are very numerous in certain districts in England; but, thanks to St. Patrick, they have, till lately, been totally unknown in the Isle of Saints. They have, however, recently been seen in different parts of the county of Down; and their appearance has been variously accounted for; some alarmists going the length of affirming that they, with the prevailing pestilence, are only a forerunner of the unhappy fruits to be derived from that horrible measure the Reform Bill. We have also been told that one of the zealous anti-reformers of that county has introduced the breed of these reptiles into Ireland, with the intention of counteracting the influence of other 'snakes in the grass,' which, he says, are unhappily too plentiful here. The utility of the popular belief that snakes cannot live in our blessed land has been most fully demonstrated; as the one shown to us had not only lived here, but showed its capability of propagating its species—several large eggs having been found in its ovium.—*Belfast Chronicle.*

A WEST INDIA FEVER.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The latest chapter of this journal is of diminished interest. Its principal subject is an attack of fever which followed the recently related exploits of the writer in destroying the haunt of pirates. It will be remembered how his old acquaintance, Obed, perished miserably before his eyes at the termination of that affair. We recall it to the readers' notice, because of the allusions in the article we prepare from that portion of the Log now in our hands. The Lieutenant had been invited into the cabin to dine with the Captain, when he was seized with a partial and temporary delirium. To relieve himself from the oppression he suffered, bowing to Captain N., he made his way to the deck. The narrative proceeds:—

"I could hear him say to his servant, as I was going up the ladder, 'Look after that young gentleman, Matame, and send Isaac to the Doctor, and bid him come here now!'" and then, in a commiserating tone—"Poor young fellow, what a pity!" When I got on deck all was quiet. The cool fresh air had an instantaneous effect on my shattered nerves, the violent throbbing in my head ceased, and I began to hug myself with the notion that my distemper, whatever it might have been, had beaten a retreat.

Suddenly I felt so collected and comfortable, as to be quite alive to the loveliness of the scene. It was a beautiful moonlight night; such a night as is nowhere to be seen without the Tropics, and not often within them. There was just breeze enough to set the sails to sleep, although not so strong as to prevent their giving a low murmuring flap now and then, when the corvette rolled a little heavier than usual in the long swell. There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, not even a stray shred of thin decaying gauze-like vapour, to mark the direction of the upper current of the air, by its course across the moon's disk, which was now at the full, and about half way up her track in the liquid heavens.

There was nothing moving about the decks. The lookouts, aft and at the gangways, sat or stood like statues half bronze, half alabaster. The old quartermaster, who was cowering the ship, and had perched himself on a cannonade, with his arm leaning on the weather nettings, was equally motionless. The watch had all disappeared forward, or were stowed out of sight under the lee of the boats: the first Lieutenant, as if captivated by the serenity of the scene, was leaning with folded arms on the weather gangway, looking abroad upon the ocean, and whistling now and then either for a wind, or for want of thought. The only being who showed sign of life was the man at the wheel, and he scarcely moved, except now and then to give her a spoke or two, when the cheep of the tiller-ropes, running through the well-greased leading blocks, would grate on the ear as a sound of some importance; while in daylight, in the ordinary bustle of the ship, no one could say he overheard it.

At this time of night the prizes were all in a cluster under our lee quarter, carrying every rag they could set, looking like small icebergs covered with snow. The Gleam was a good way astern, as if to whip them in, and to take care that no stray piraroon should make a dash at any of them. They looked like phantoms of the deep, every thing in the air and in the water was so still—I crossed to the lee-side of the deck to look at them. The Wave seeing a person looking over the hammock-nettings, sheered close to, under the Firebrand's lee-quarter, and some one asked, "Do you want to speak to?" The man's voice, re-echoed from the concave surface of the schooner's main-sail, had a hollow, echoing sound that startled me.

"I should know that voice," said I to myself, "and that figure steering the schooner." The throbbing in my head and the dizzy feel, which had captivated my judgment in the cabin, again returned with increased violence—"It was no deception after all," thought I, "no cheat of the senses—I now believe such things are."

The same voice now called out, "Come away, Tom, come away," no doubt to some other seaman on board the little vessel, but my heated fancy did not construe it. The cold breathless fit again overtook me, and I ejaculated, "God have mercy upon me sinner!"

"Why don't you come, Tom?" said the voice once more.

It was Obed's. At this very instant of time, the Wave forged ahead into the Firebrand's shadow, so that her sails, but a moment before white as wool in the bright moonbeams, suffered a sudden eclipse, and became black as ink. "His dark spirit is there," said I, audibly, "and calls me—go I will, whatever may befall." I hailed the schooner, or rather I had only to speak, and that in a low tone, for she was now close under the counter—"Send your boat, for since you call, I know I must come."

A small canoe slid off her deck; two shipboys got into it, and pulled under the larboard main chain, which entirely concealed them, as they held on for a moment with a boat hook in the dark shadow of the ship. This was done so silently, that neither the lookout on the poop, nor the man at the lee-gangway, who happened to be looking out forward, heard them, or saw me, as I slipped down unperceived—"Pull back again, my lads; quick now, quick."

In a moment, I was alongside, the next I was on deck, and in this short space a change had come over the spirit of my dream, for I now was again conscious that I was on board the Wave with a prize crew. My imagination had taken another direction. "Now, Mr. —, I beg pardon, I forget your name," I had never heard it—"make more sail, and haul out from

the fleet for Mancheoneal Bay; I have dispatches for the admiral—So, crack on."

The midshipman who was in charge of her never for an instant doubted but that all was right; sail was made, and as the light breeze was the very thing for the little Wave, she began to snore through it like smoke. When we had shot a cable's length ahead of the Firebrand we kept away a point or two, so as to stand more in for the land, and, like most maniacs, I was inwardly exulting at the success of my manoeuvre, when we heard the corvette's bell struck rapidly. Her maintop-sail was suddenly laid to the mast, whilst a loud voice echoed amongst the sails—"Any one see him in the waist—anybody see him forward there?"

"No, sir, no."

"Afterguard, fire, and let go the life-buoy—lower away the quarter boats—jolly boat also."

We saw the flash, and presently the small blue light of the buoy, blazing and disappearing, as it rose and fell on the waves, in the corvette's wake, sailed away astern, sparkling fitfully, like an ignis fatuus. The cordage rattled through the devil blocks, as the boats plashed into the water—the splash of the oars was heard, and presently the twinkle of the life-buoy light was lost in the lurid glare of three blue lights, one being held aloft in each boat, in which the crews were standing up looking like spectres by the ghastly blaze, and anxiously peering about for some sign of the drowning man.

"A man overboard," was repeated from one to another of the prize crew.

"Sure enough," said I.

"Shall we stand back, sir?" said the midshipman.

"To what purpose?—there are enough there without us—no, no; crack on, we can do no good—carry on, carry on!"

We did so, and I now found severe shooting pains, more racking than the sharpest rheumatism I had ever suffered, pervading my whole body. They increased until I suffered the most excruciating agony, as if my bones had been converted into red-hot tubes of iron, and the marrow in them had been dried up with fervent heat, and I was obliged to beg that a hammock might be spread on deck on which I lay down, pleading great fatigue and want of sleep as my excuse.

My thirst was unquenchable; the more I drank, the hotter it became. My tongue, and mouth, and throat, were burning, as if molten lead had been poured down into my stomach, while the most violent retching came on every ten minutes. The prize crew, poor fellows, did all they could—one or twice they seemed about standing back to the ship, but, "make sail, make sail," was my only cry. They did so, and there I lay without any thing between me and the wet planks but a thin sailor's blanket and the canvass of the hammock, through the living night, with no covering but a damp boat-cloth, raving at times during the hot fits, at others having my power of utterance frozen up during the cold ones. The men, once or twice, offered to carry me below, but the idea was horrible to me.

"No, no—not there—for heaven's sake not there! If you do take me down, I am sure I shall see him, and the dead mate—No, no—overboard rather, throw me overboard rather."

Oh, what would I not have given for the luxury of a flood of tears!—But the fountains of mine eyes were dried up, and seared as with a red-hot iron—my skin was parched, and hot, hot, as if every pore had been hermetically sealed; there was a hell within me, and about me, as if the deck on which I lay had been steel at a white heat, and the gushing blood, as if under the action of a force-pump, throbbled through my head, as if it would have burst on my brain—and such a racking, splitting headache—no language can describe it, and yet ever and anon in the midst of this raging fire, this furnace at my heart, seventeen times heated, a sudden icy shivering chill would shake me, and pierce through and through me, even when the roasting fever was at the hottest.

At length the day broke on the long, long, moist, steamy night, and once more the sun rose to bless every thing but me. As the morning wore on, my torments increased with the heat, and I lay sweltering on deck, in a furious delirium, held down forcibly by two men, who were relieved by others every now and then, while I raved about Obed, and Paul, and the scenes I had witnessed on board during the chase, and in the attack. None of my rough but kind curses expected I would have held on till nightfall; but shortly after sunset I became more collected, and, as I was afterwards told, whenever any little office was performed for me, whenever some drink was held to my lips, I would say to the gruff sun-burnt, black-whiskered, square-shouldered topman, who might be my Ganyadee for the occasion, "Thank you, Mary; Heaven bless your pale face, Mary; bless you, bless you!" It seemed my fancy had shaken itself clear of the fearful objects that had so pertinaciously haunted me before, and occupying itself with pleasing recollections, had produced a corresponding calm in the animal; but the poor fellow to whom I had expressed myself so endearingly, was, I learned, most awfully put out and dismayed. He twisted and turned his iron features into all manner of ludicrous combinations, under the laughter of his mates—"Now, Peter, may I be—but I would rather be shot at, than hear the poor young gentleman so quiz me in his madness." Then again—as I praised his lovely taper fingers—they were more like bunches of frosted carrots, dipped in a tar-bucket, with the tails snapt short off, where about an inch thick, only.

"My taper fingers—oh lord! Now, Peter, I can't stomach this any longer—I'll give you my grog for the next two days, if you will take my spell here—My taper fingers—murder!"

As the evening closed in, we saw the high land of

Jamaica, but it was the following afternoon before we were off the entrance of Mancheoneal Bay. All this period, although it must have been one of great physical suffering, has ever, to my ethereal part, remained a dead blank. The first thing I remember afterwards, was being carried ashore in the dark in a hammock slung on two oars, so as to form a sort of rude palanquin, and laid down at a short distance from the overseer's house, where my troubles had originally commenced. I soon became perfectly sensible and collected, but I was so weak I could not speak; after resting a little, the men again lifted me and proceeded.

[Omitting a long story of what occurred on his arrival within the house, and of the persons present, we proceed with an account of the manner in which he was finally disposed of.]

"I was carefully shifted and put to bed; but during all that night and the following day, I was raving in a furious fever, so that I had to be forcibly held down in my bed, sometimes for half an hour at a time."

I say, messmate, have you ever had the yellow fever, the *comito prieto*, black vomit, as the Spaniards call it?—No?—Have you ever had a bad bilious fever then?—No bad bilious fever either?—Why, then, you are a most unfortunate creature; for you have never known what it was to be in heaven, nor eke the other place. Oh the delight, the blessedness of the languor of recovery, when one finds himself in a large airy room, with a dreamy indistinct recollection of great past suffering, endured in a small miserable vessel within the tropics, where you have been roasted one moment by the vertical rays of the sun, and the next annealed hissing hot by the salt sea spray, and in a broad luxurious bed, some cool sunny morning, with the fresh sea-breeze whistling through the open windows that look into the piazza, rustling the folds of the clean wire gauze mosquito net that serves you for bed curtains; while beyond you look forth into the cool sequestered court yard, overshadowed by one vast umbrageous Kennip tree, making every thing look green and cool and fresh beneath, and whose branches the rushing wind is rasping cheerily on the shingles of the roof—and oh, how passing sweet is the lullaby from the humming of numberless glancing bright-hued flies, of all sorts and sizes, sparkling among the green leaves like chips of a prism, and the fitful whining of the fairy-flitting humming-bird, now here, now there, like winged gems, and living 'atoms of the rainbow,' round which their tiny wings, moving too quickly to be visible, formed little haloes, and the palm-tree at the house-corner is shaking its long hard leaves, making a sound for all the world like the pattering of rain; and the orange-tree top, with ripe fruit, and green fruit, and white blossoms, is waving to and fro flush with the window sill, dashing the fragrant odour into your room at every *whish*; and the double jessamine is twining up the papaw, (whose fruit, if rubbed on a bull's hide, immediately converts it into a tender beef-steak,) and absolutely stifling you with sweet perfume; and then the sangaree—old Madeira, two parts of water, no more, and nutmeg—and not a taste out of a thimble, but a rummerful of it, my boy, that would drown your first-born at his christening, if he slipped into it, and no stinting in the use of this ocean; on the contrary, the tidy old brown nurse, or mayhap a luxuriant young one, at your bedside, with ever and anon a "little more panada, and den some more sangaree; it will do massa good, strengthen him tomack"—and—but I am out of breath, and must lie to for a brief space.

I opened my eyes late in the morning of the second day after landing, and saw Mr. Fyall and the excellent Aaron Bang sitting one on each side of my bed. Although weak as a sucking infant, I had a strong persuasion on my mind that all danger was over, and that I was convalescent. I had no feverish symptom whatsoever. I felt cool and comfortable, with a fine balmy moisture on my skin; but I spoke with great diffidence.

Aaron noticed this. "Don't exert yourself too much, Tom; take it coolly, man, and thank God that you are now fairly round the corner. Is your head painful?"

"No—why should it?" Mr. Fyall smiled, and I put up my hand—it was all I could do, for my limbs appeared leaded with lead at the extremities, and when I touched any part of my frame, with my hand for instance, there was no concurring sensation conveyed by the nerves of the two parts; sometimes I felt as if touched by the hand of another, at others, as if I had touched the person of some one else. When I raised my hand to my forehead, my fingers instinctively moved to take hold of my hair, for I was in no small degree proud of some luxuriant brown curls, which the women used to praise. Alas and alack-a-day! in place of ringlets, glossy with Macassar oil, I found a cool young tender plaitain leaf, bound round my temples.

"What is all this?" said I. "A *kail-blade*, where my hair used to be!"

"How came this *kail-blade* here, and how came it here?" sung friend Bang, laughing, for he had great powers of laughter, and I saw he kept his quizzical face turned towards some object at the head of the bed, which I could not see.

"You may say that, Aaron—where's my wig, you rogue, eh?"

"Never mind, Tom," said Fyall, "your hair will soon grow again, won't it, miss?"

"Miss! miss!" and I screwed my neck round, and lo! "Ah, Mary, and are you the Delilah who have shorn my locks—you wicked young female lady you!"

She smiled and nodded to Aaron, who was a deuced favourite with the ladies, black, brown, and white, (I give the *pas* to the staple of the country—hope no offence,) as well as with every one else who ever knew him. "How dare you, friend Bang, shave and blister

my head, you dog?" said I—"You cannibal Indian, you have scalped me; you are a regular Mohawk." The sight of my cousin's lovely face, and the heavenly music of her tongue, made me so forgiving, that I could be angry with no one. At this moment, a nice-looking elderly man slid into the room as noiselessly as a cat.

"How are you, Lieutenant? Why, you are positively gay this morning! Preserve me—why have you taken off the dressing from your head?"

"Preserve me—you may say that, Doctor—why, you seem to have preserved me, and pickled me after a very remarkable fashion, certainly! Why, man, did you intend to make a mummy of me, with all your swathings? Now, what is that crackling on my chest? More plaitain leaves, as I live!"

"Only another blister, sir."

"Only another blister—and my feet—Zounds! what have you been doing with my feet? The soles are as tender as if I had been bastinadoed."

"Only cataplasms, sir: mustard and bird-pepper poultices—nothing more."

"Mustard and bird-pepper poultices"—and pray what is that long fiddle-case supported on two chairs in the piazza?"

"What case?" said the good Doctor, and his eye followed mine. "Oh, my gun-case. I am a great sportsman, you must know—but draw down that blind, Mr. Bang, if you please—the breeze is too strong."

"Gun case! I would rather have taken it for your game-box, Doctor. However, thanks be to Heaven, you have not bagged me this bout."

My aunt and cousin had been on a visit in the neighbourhood, and over-night Mr. Fyall had kindly sent for them to receive my last sigh, for to all appearance I was fast going. Oh, the gratitude of my heart, the tears of joy I wept in my weak blessedness, and the overflowing of heart that I experienced towards that almighty and ever merciful Being who had spared me and brought me out of my great sickness, to look round on dear friends, and on the idol of my heart, once more, after all my grievous sufferings! I took Mary's hand—I could not raise it for lack of strength, or I would have kissed it; but, as she leant over me, Fyall came behind her and gently pressed her sweet lips to mine, while the dear girl blushed as red as Aaron Bang's face. By this my aunt herself had come into the room, and added her warm congratulations, and last, although not least, Timothy Taitackle made his appearance in the piazza at the window, with a clean joyful, well-shaven countenance. He grinned, turned his quid, pulled up his trousers, smoothed down his hair with his hand, and gave a sort of half-tipsy sham-ble, meant for a bow, as he entered the bedroom.

"You have foretold on Davy this time, sir. Heaven be praised for it! He was close aboard of you howsoever, sir, once or twice." Then he bowed round the room again, with a sort of swing or caper, whichever you choose to call it, as if he had been the party obliged.

"Kind folks these, sir," he continued, in what was meant for *setto voce*, and for my ear alone, but it was more like the growling of a mastiff puppy than any thing else. "Kind folks, sir—had as their mountebanking looked the first night, sir—why, Lord bless your honour, may they make a marine of me, if they can't set a Bungo to wait on us, Bill and I that is—and we has grog more than does us good—and grub, my eye!—only think, sir—Bill and Timothy Taitackle waited on by a black Bungo!" and he doubled himself up, chuckling, and hugging himself, with infinite glee.

"All now went merry as a marriage bell." I was carefully conveyed to Kingston, where I rallied, under my aunt's hospitable roof, as rapidly almost as I had sickened, and within a fortnight, all bypast strange-nesses explained to my superiors, I at length occupied my berth, in the Firebrand's gun-room, as third Lieutenant of the ship.

THE BOSPHORUS.

A SKETCH.

The stranger whose felicity it has been to float between the shores of the Bosphorus, will often glance back with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction to the memory of those magical waters. This splendid strait, stretching from the harbour of Constantinople to the mouth of the Euxine, may be about twenty miles in length, and its ordinary breadth seldom exceeds one mile. The old Greek story is, that one might hear the birds sing on the opposite shore. And thus two great continents are divided by an ocean stream narrower than many rivers that are the mere boundaries of kingdoms. Yet it is strange that the character of these two famous divisions of our earth is nowhere more marked than on the shores of the Bosphorus. The traveller turns without disappointment from the gay and glittering shores of Europe to the sublime beauty and the dusky grandeur of Asia.

The European side, until you arrive within four or five miles of the Black Sea, is almost uninterruptedly studded with fanciful and ornamental buildings: beautiful villages, and brilliant summer palaces, and bright kiosks, painted in arabesque, and often gilt. The green back-ground to the scene is a sparkling screen of terraced gardens, rising up a chain of hills whose graceful undulations are crowned with groves of cypress and of chestnut, and occasionally breaking into fair and delicate valleys, richly wooded, and crossed by a grey and antique aqueduct.

But in Asia the hills rise into mountains, and the groves swell into forests. Everything denotes a vast, and rich, and prolific land; but there is something classical, antique, and even mysterious, in its general

appearance. An air of stillness and deep repose pervades its less cultivated and less frequented shores; and the very eagles, as they linger over the lofty peak of the Giant's grave, seem conscious that they are haunting some heroic burial-place.

I remember that one of the most strange, and even sublime spectacles that I ever beheld occurred to me one balmy autumnal eve, as I returned home in my caique from Terapia, a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, where I had been passing the day, to Pera. I encountered an army of Dolphins, who were making their way from the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora through the Strait to the Euxine. They stretched right across the water; and I should calculate that they covered, with very little interval, a space of three or four miles. It is very difficult to form an estimate of their number, but there must, of course, have been many thousands. They advanced in grand style, and produced an immense agitation; the snorting, spouting, and splashing, and the wild panting rush I shall never forget. As it was late, no other caique was in sight; and my boatmen, apprehensive of being run down, stopped to defend themselves with their oars. I had my pistols with me, and found great sport, as, although the dolphins made every effort to avoid us, there were really crowds always in shot. Whenever one was hit, general confusion ran through the whole line: they all floundered about with increased energy, ducked their round heads under water, and turned up their arrowy tails. We remained thus stationary for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and very diverting I found the delay. At length the mighty troop of strangers passed us, and, I suppose, must have arrived at the Synepagades about the same time that I sought the elegant hospitality of the British Palace at Pera.—*N. Monthly Magazine.*

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Thou boundary of Empires! whose renowned
Fores but in mockery of History's page—
Whose tyrants kings were prowling up and down,
Thou wast still in the grasp of withering age;
Dearly didst thou their greatness, for the race
Of conquering time has chased them from the earth;
Their arts and records are a theme to engage
Long disquisitions, of but little worth,
While thou art reignest still in thine unsocial mirth.
The young Sun would thee with his dawning light,
And the first moonbeams sported on thy breast;
Ere morning's sunbeams round thy giant might,
Breaking, with desperate peals, thy dream of rest;
And sometimes now thou slumberest, and art drest
Gay as a bride, in robes that suitest us;
When crimson clouds adorn the glowing west,
And thy sea-riding waves in beauty heave—
All faultless whet, serene, and smiling to deceive.
Millhouse.

LEGAL PENALTIES.

Thoughts on Secondary Punishments, in a Letter to Earl Grey. To which are appended Two Articles on Transportation to New South Wales, and on Secondary Punishments; and some Observations on Colonization. By R. Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin.

This is an important view of a very important subject; one deeply affecting the moral condition of the people of this realm, and the happiness and prosperity of the realm itself. It is, indeed, most astonishing to look at the systems of jurisprudence which have prevailed, — at the system of coercion and punishment which now exists; and to observe how small a modification of common sense has ever been allowed to enter into their fabric. Except the administration of our civil laws, (the heaviest evil that ever weighed down a country, — made the rich poor, and of the poor grinded the faces to the earth,) there could not be exhibited a grosser composition of folly and cruelty than the criminal code of England. In both, the feudal deformities of their origin have been fondly preserved and cherished; and the worst principles of the darkest ages have been patched by mis-called improvements, which only made them worse than the worst — till our statutes, our precedents, our practice, our entire legislation, have become one vast mass of confusion, uncertainty, and absurdity, and the nation is Law-ridden to an extent of oppression which, when we least of being civilized and enlightened, ought to fill us with shame and contrition.

The anomalies perpetuated, and the enormities committed, under the forms of law, would disgrace a tribe of ignorant barbarians in Central Africa. There is no rank or class of the community exempt from their ruinous influence. The peer and the landlord are in the chains of the agent and attorney; the merchant and manufacturer, the farmer, the shopkeeper, the respectable artisan, — all the middle and valuable portion of the state, are more or less enclosed within the same sweeping net; — if fortunate, taxed in a hundred odious shapes; and if unfortunate, crushed under the tyranny of the laws and the insatiable extortions of its ministers — from the full-fed counsel and sycamore official, to the lowest harpy of the multitude who prey upon their fellow-creatures. Nor do the still lower orders escape. Where there is one drop of blood to be extracted from wasted nature, there will the vampire suck; where there is one coin to be squeezed from penury and wretchedness, there will the legal vampire be found inflicting the last pang upon exhausted industry. One's very flesh crawls at the thoughts of the inhumanity thus in the most extensive and perpetual operation; founded on bad passions, — and instead of affording protection to society, levying a fund, of prodigious amount, for the luxurious support of a single unproductive class, upon the wants and the distresses of the whole. Cast a glance at our prisons, or live in the busy world,

or inquire into objects of charity, and it is really dreadful to ascertain how much of suffering is endured in the name of law; from the miserable captive for a debt of forty shillings, to the struggling citizen, who, in spite of every honest endeavour, which would otherwise save and restore him to usefulness and comfort, is being plunged into the same abyss, bankrupt and broken-hearted.* When we know that no day passes without its hundreds of cases of this description; that no lawyer lives but at the expense of this wide-spread devastation, — every individual instance carrying loss and wreck into the sphere or circle with which it is connected; that the laws sanction, encourage, and afford means for perpetrating these outrages, at war with human feelings and in defiance of professed Christianity; we are tempted to believe that a pure despotism, or a state of savage independence, would be far more consistent with the enjoyment of our species, in any region of the habitable earth. Happy would it be for Great Britain were all her reforms and improvements postponed to a simplification of her legal system in every branch; so that it might be made a blessing, instead of the most grievous burden and curse to her oppressed population.

The Archbishop of Dublin directs his observations chiefly to the administration of criminal justice, and the penalties awarded to offences which are not capital. His Grace's views are clear and judicious. He points out several of the imperfections and absurdities which disfigure our mode of proceeding, and suggests the trial of other courses, where the present so obviously fail. It is demonstrated that transportation is a very inefficient punishment, and liable to insuperable objections. It is most costly to the government: when it is substituted for the sentence of death, the escape from the greater evil renders it, comparatively, a source of gratulation to the guilty; distance brightens its terrors into hopes; and thus it neither acts in deterring from crime in the individual, nor as a warning to others. The hulks do not do a convict to greater hardship than is experienced by every honest labourer in the kingdom; and he is better fed than most of them. Instead of these, a severe penitentiary system is recommended, on an equal scale throughout the country. Various plans might be tried, and that which worked the best be finally adopted; but the principal ingredients in all ought to be much of solitude, (not long-protracted solitary confinement,) and plenty of employment. No idleness, no talkative intercommunication; but moral and religious instruction, and some ultimate interest in the produce of their own diligence and good conduct. — "It is from the United States that the most extensive experience on this subject is to be derived; where a system has been adopted which combines solitary confinement at night, hard labour by day, the strict observance of silence, and attention to moral and religious improvement. These plans are enforced with great success at the prisons at Auburn and Sing-Sing, in the State of New York, and at Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut. At sunrise the convicts proceed in regular order to the several workshops, where they remain under vigilant superintendence until the hour of breakfast, when they repair to the common hall. When at their meals the prisoners are seated at tables in single rows, with their backs towards the centre, so that there can be no interchange of signs. From one end of the workrooms to the other, upwards of five hundred convicts may be seen without a single individual being observed to turn his head towards a visitor. Not a whisper is heard throughout the apartments. At the close of day, labor is suspended, and the prisoners return in military order to their solitary cells; there they have the opportunity of reading the Scriptures, and of reflecting in silence on their past lives. The chaplain occasionally visits the cells, instructing the ignorant, and administering the reproofs and consolations of religion. The influence of these visits is described to be most beneficial; and the effect of the entire discipline is decidedly successful in the prevention of crime, both by the dread which the imprisonment inspires, as well as by the reformation of the offender. Inquiries have been instituted relative to the conduct of prisoners released from the Auburn penitentiary — the prison at which this system has been longest observed — and of 206 discharged, who have been watched over for the space of three years, 146 have been reclaimed and maintained reputable characters in society."

As far as our judgment enables us to go, we entirely agree with the author in his opinions upon these matters; but we would still more emphatically wish to enforce the expediency of giving prisoners a decided personal contingent interest in the proceeds of their labor. We would make both their immediate treatment, to a certain degree, and their future prospects, depend upon the habits of industry which they practised while undergoing the sentence to which their misdeeds had exposed them. They should see that if dissoluteness and vice brought them to detection and punishment, so should diligence and repentance fit them the sooner for restoration to society, and that best kind of restoration which was accompanied by a portion of what they had earned, to preserve them from temptation in entering upon their new course of

*The number of persons lately committed to White Cross Street Prison by process from the Court of Requests, has been unusually large. By a return just made, it appears that ninety-three persons were brought to prison from the 1st to the 17th of August, the total of whose debts and costs amounted to 168*l.* — averaging about thirty-six shillings each; and out of 460 prisoners remaining in this dismal place of confinement, more than seventy were locked up for debts under forty shillings. Should any of these die of cholera, who would be their murderers?

life, and strengthening them against a relapse into crime. A slave in the West Indies is enabled to accumulate a sum by his toil at extra hours, wherewith to purchase his freedom; why should not the European, who has been the slave of sin, but affords fair testimony that he will turn from the evil of his ways, be in like manner encouraged in his laudable resolution, by having a participation in the fruits of his amended character held out to his future hopes?*

This would seem like wisdom; not the wisdom which consists in a silly desire to make goals as snug and agreeable as well arranged domestic residences. "Of the errors (says our author) which I have said we ought, in all cases, watchfully to guard against, there is none into which zealous philanthropists are more likely to fall, than that of studying too much the comfort of those sentenced to imprisonment for their offences. When, indeed, a man is committed to prison for trial, every comfort and indulgence, consistent with his safe custody, ought to be allowed him. But when imprisonment is the allotted punishment to a criminal, it is plain that it ought to be a punishment. It might seem, in the abstract, more trifling to insist on this; but it is found, in practice, that several circumstances tend to keep it out of sight. First, the plea of humanity is so specious, as often to be insincerely resorted to by popular declaimers, for the sake of recommending themselves to the unthinking multitude; secondly, the feelings of real humanity will often blind the understanding, and bias the judgment, of the unreflecting; and thirdly, ignorance of the habits and modes of life of the labouring classes, is liable to deceive one who is inexperienced as to what their comforts and discomforts consist in. Humanity in punishment, i. e. care to avoid the infliction of any useless suffering, is one of the points which I have mentioned as claiming our attention; but though no one can have, strictly speaking, too much humanity, it is very possible to be led by an injudicious and misdirected humanity. Neither compassion, we should remember, nor any other feeling of our nature, is, in itself, either virtuous or vicious, but only so far as it is or is not under the control of sound principle, and under the guidance of right reason. But the word 'humanity,' being applied loosely and indiscriminately to the feeling, and to the virtue, leads, in many cases, to such conduct as is absurd and pernicious. — Those who act from feeling, and not from principle, are usually led to show more tenderness towards the offending than the unoffending — i. e. towards the culprit, who is present, and the object of their senses, and whose sufferings or apprehensions they actually witness, than the absent, unknown, and undefined members of the community, whose persons or property have been endangered by him. We feel for an individual, especially if before our eyes, even though guilty; for the public one has, or can have, no feeling. Public spirit, therefore, implies a benevolent habit; and that combined with something of reflective abstraction. No doubt, every kind and degree of suffering which has no tendency either to deter offenders, or to reclaim them, or which exceeds the benefit thus produced, is so much pure evil, which we should

*The Archbishop's plan is, "That of requiring of such criminals as are sentenced to hard labour, a certain amount of work; compelling them, indeed, to a certain moderate quantity of daily labour, but permitting them to exceed this as much as they please; and thus to shorten the term of their imprisonment, by accomplishing the total amount of their task in a less time than that to which they had been sentenced. I would also allow them, for a certain portion of the work done, a payment in money, — not to be expended during their continuance in prison, but to be paid over to them at their discharge; so that they should never be turned loose into the world entirely destitute. My object in this would be, to superadd to the labor of labour, which it is the object of most penitentiaries to create, an association not merely of the ideas of discipline and coercion with crime, but also of freedom and independence with that of labour. It seems to me perfectly reasonable, that those whose misdeeds compel us to send them to a house of correction, should not be again let loose on society till they shall have given some indication of amended character. Instead of being sentenced, therefore, to confinement for a certain fixed time, they should be sentenced to earn, at a certain specified employment, such a sum of money as may be judged sufficient to preserve them, on their release, from the pressure of immediate distress; and, orderly, decent, submissive behaviour, during the time of their being thus employed, should be enforced, under the penalty (besides others, if found necessary,) of a proportionate deduction from their wages, and consequent prolongation of their confinement. It may be said that all these regulations would require much integrity, vigilance, and discretion in the superintendents of such an establishment. This is true; but, after all, how can such a regulation be avoided? How much is left, and must necessarily be left, to the discretion (or indiscretion) of those who have the management of convicts? And when we do not select to fill the office, persons whose activity, uprightness, and good sense, can be relied on, what mischievous consequences unavoidably ensue? In respect of the kind of labour in which it may be thought advisable that convicts should be employed, I would suggest, that though it is in itself very desirable that it should be profitable enough to go some considerable way in defraying the expense of their maintenance, this is by no means a point of so much importance as many others, to which accordingly we should be always ready to sacrifice it. The best-conducted of the American penitentiaries are said to defray fully all their own expenses from the proceeds of the prisoners' labour. This, I conceive, cannot be expected in any country which does not combine, to such an extraordinary degree as America, the advantages of a very high value of labour and cheapness of provisions. But even if this, or something nearly approaching to it, could be attained, I should still say that it is an object of far less consequence than the moral improvement of the offenders, or, still more, the prevention of crime by the apprehension of punishment. That a penalty should be formidable, is, as I have said, decidedly the first point to be looked to; that it should be corrective, is another point of great, though far inferior, consequence; that it should be economical, is (though by no means insignificant) a matter of only a third-rate importance."

sedulously guard against. But the infliction of such punishments as are indispensably necessary to repress crime, is the truest humanity. In fact, if it were our business merely to make punishments as little disagreeable as we can, and to study the comfort of those sentenced to imprisonment, — if it were this, and only this that humanity requires of us, it would be a much shorter and easier plan to pull down the prisons at once, and abolish our criminal laws altogether."

False humanity, like religious cant, is indeed the greatest foe to the real welfare of body and soul. The spurious not only does evil itself, but it causes the true to be suspected, and weakens its beneficial influence. Besides the injurious effects which the Archbishop has so plainly and ably pointed out in the management and discipline of prisons, this morbid sentiment has, perhaps, a still more generally beneficial operation when it prompts to error in legislation. It is here that the pseudo-philanthropist does the greatest mischief, with his sensibilities for guilt, and his compassion for crime. It is here that we find him in his element of lamentation, denouncing the cell and the scourge as unjustifiable tortures; privation as a cruel inroad upon individual right; the tread-mill as a tyranny; and the gallows as a murder. He, forsooth, would frame the laws upon a higher principle than brute force and ignominious correction. He would legislate for the moral feelings of men, — not as if they were ignorant, and vicious, and wicked; but as if they were enlightened, and well-principled, and virtuous! His laws would be for good men, instead of bad; and if mankind were what he chooses to consider them, he seems to forget that there would be no occasion for his penal enactments at all. What so justly says Archbishop Whately:

"In fact, although no one considers the brute animals as moral agents, every one is well aware that it is possible to operate on them through the fear of punishment. It is not reckoned a useless cruelty, or an absurdity, to attempt to teach a dog, by beating, to abstain from worrying sheep. Any one, therefore, who, well knowing that irrational animals can be trained, by fear of punishment, to check their impulses, yet would proclaim impunity to any man who may be, partially or wholly, reduced to the state of an irrational animal — such a one plainly shows that he is allowing his views to be influenced by irrelevant considerations. But in respect of the punishment, not only of the supposed insane, and of juvenile delinquents, but of offenders generally, there is afloat in the world much false (not a little of it, I suspect, affected) tenderness. Merely excessive and misplaced compassion is, indeed, an error as much to be respected as any error can be; but when compassion is withheld from the deserving, and bestowed only on the undeserving, the error is as odious as it is practically noxious. It seems to me one of the worst and most barbarian features of the character of a great part of the nation, that, by the multitude at least, very little sympathy, comparatively, is felt, except for the guilty. The sufferings inflicted by the hand of justice ought, indeed, not to be excessive — that is, beyond what the object calls for; and they are, at all events, to be deplored, since suffering is in itself an evil; but that these should be alone or chiefly pitied, by those who are comparatively callous to the sufferings from lawless outrage, or apprehended outrage, denotes a most disgraceful and a most dangerous state of the public mind. It is said that in Corsica, and in several of the Italian states, while it is hardly possible, by the offer of any amount of pay, to induce a native to accept the office of public executioner, nothing is more easy than to hire, at a moderate price, men who will be ready, at their employer's bidding, to assassinate any one he may point out. I hardly know how far we are in a condition to exult in our own superior state of society, when I recollect the strong sympathy that was manifested, or feigned, for the incendiaries and rioters in various parts of the country, and particularly at Bristol — the exertions that were made to save them from punishment — the commiseration expressed for any of them that suffered it — and the indignation and contempt lavished on soldiers, officers of justice, and all who were concerned in suppressing violations of the law — contrasted with the indifference manifested to the suffering of those who were threatened, harassed, plundered, burnt out of their houses, deprived of their substance, and sometimes of their lives; and who had, in most instances, every possible claim to the sympathy of their countrymen, except the one, as it seems, most essential claim, of being criminals. And yet I am persuaded that the losses and injuries actually inflicted in these outrages, great as they were — and much the greater, doubtless, on account of the encouragement which public sympathy afforded to the perpetrators — all these, I conceive, constitute but a small fraction of the real evil. "He who does an injury to one," says the Latin proverb, "threatens it to many." The sense of insecurity produced by every crime that is committed, is by far its worst result; because uneasiness or distress of mind, from perpetual apprehension, though a less evil in each single case than the actual occurrence of what is dreaded, is an evil which extends to many thousand times more. But for this, even the crime of murder would be but a comparatively insignificant evil; for there is hardly any country in which the whole number of persons murdered annually constitutes more than a very trifling portion of the total number of deaths. But the apprehension of being murdered — the feeling that one is in continual peril from the hand of the assassin — is one of the most intolerable evils that man can be exposed to. Any one

* "Mille minatur qui uni facit injuriam."

sons. At the Chequers Inn, Speenhamland, it stopped to take in water and coke; the supply of water required was about one hundred buckets. When starting the coach went off with very considerable speed and soon left all the pedestrians far behind. Messrs. O. and S. have been occupied almost four years

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